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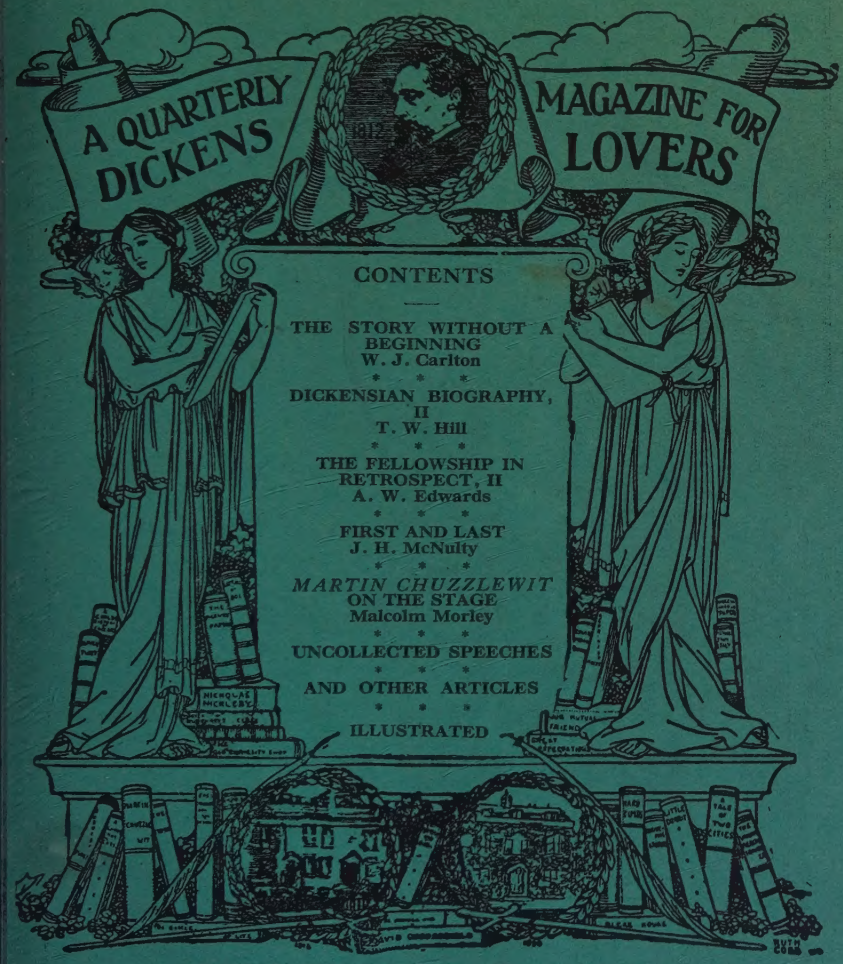
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UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

AND OTHER ARTICLES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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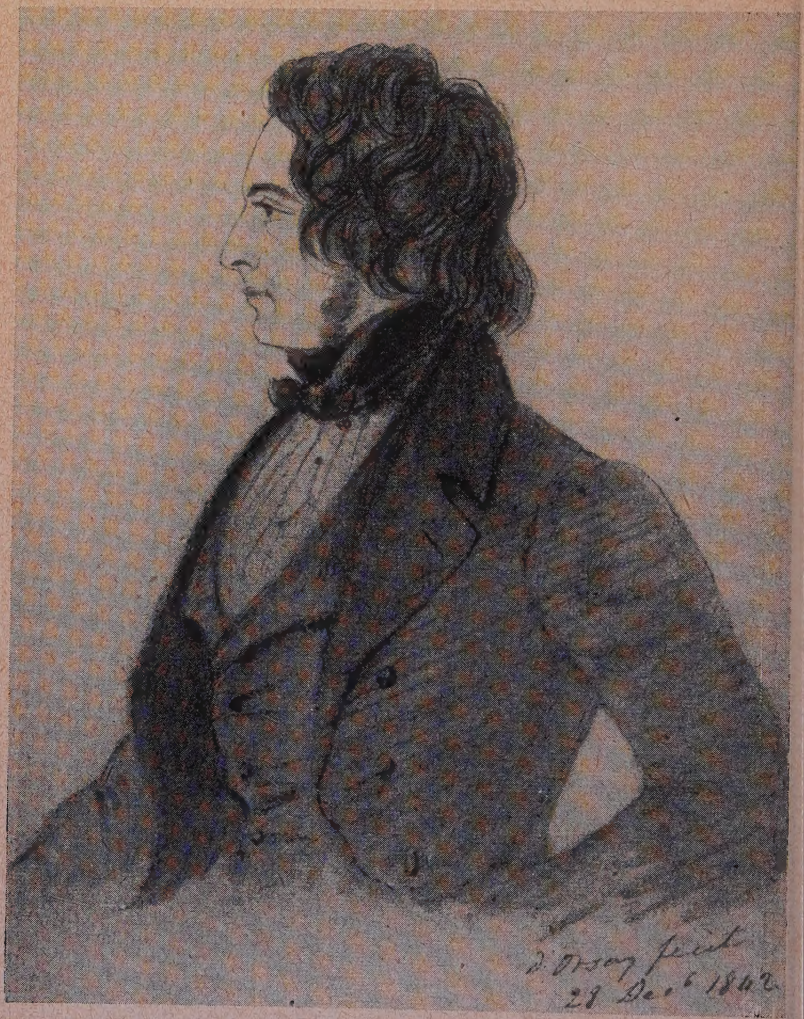

CHARLES DICKENS
by Count Alfred d'Orsay, 1842

reproduced for the first time from the original in the Collection of the late Count de Suzannet.

(*See opposite*)

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 1951 No. 298

WHEN FOUND—

Vale. It is with the very deepest regret that we record the death of Alain, Comte de Suzannet, which occurred at his home in Lausanne on December 11th. He had been in failing health for some time, seriously so for several weeks and, after a slight rally, peacefully passed away in the presence of his devoted wife. A tribute to this ever faithful friend of the Dickens Fellowship and supremely generous friend of the Dickens House, appears on another page.

* * * * *

A Last Gift. A collection of eighty-seven miscellaneous unpublished letters has recently been deposited at the Dickens House, the last gift of Count de Suzannet, who with characteristic generosity, bought them for the use of Mr. House's new edition and expressed a wish, not long before he died, that the originals were finally to come to the Dickens House as a gift from himself in association with Mr. Humphry House and Mr. K. J. Fielding.

* * * * *

Count d'Orsay's portraits. The frontispiece of this number illustrates one of the last additions made by Count de Suzannet to his distinguished Dickens collection. Reproduced for the first time, permission for which was accorded some time before his death, it is one of a pair of portraits of Dickens by Count Alfred d'Orsay, the sale of which was reported in these pages exactly a year ago. Dated December 1842, it is a highly important addition to the gallery of Dickens portraits. The second, dated a year earlier, and reproduced overleaf, is familar to us through the medium of the lithographed version by R. J. Lane, A.E., which has been reproduced many times. But a comparison of our photograph of the original, the first ever to be published, with Lane's lithograph, will quickly demonstrate the superiority of the original drawing.

* * * * *

Dickens's great-grandson reads the *Carol*. The Christmas season in London was this year notable for the Public Reading, at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, on December 4th of *A Christmas Carol*, by a great-grandson of the author, Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh. In spite of the severity of the weather, the "clerk" of which apparently thought he was contributing by providing heavy snow falls and icy roads, the hall was filled by a large audience which was rewarded by a spirited rendering of the little classic masterpiece. Mr. Shuckburgh was in great form and, using Dickens's own reading version of the book, had a great success. Christmas carols were provided by a group of Fellowship members in costume. Part of the performance was recorded and broadcast in America at Christmas time. An attractive poster, announcing the Reading, by the late T. Gibbons Close was auctioned and fetched ten guineas, and brought the total proceeds of the evening, which were devoted to the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) to over £110.

Mr. R. J. Cruikshank. London members assembling for the January meeting were disappointed that owing to an attack of the prevalent influenza, the promised visit of Mr. R. J. Cruikshank had had to be cancelled. Since he was last with us, another brilliant book on Dickens from his pen has appeared, and he has appropriately assumed the editorial chair of the *News Chronicle*, the successor of Dickens's own *Daily News*. But there was after all considerable consolation, for his fine lecture on the *Sketches by Boz* was read for him by the distinguished journalist Mr. A. J. Cummings, and very beautifully read. The book was characterised by Mr. Cruikshank as journalism at its best—superb journalism. To him it was notable for three reasons, its vast and comprehensive panorama of human activities, its great value to historians of its period, and its interest as containing seeds which later flowered so brilliantly in the novels. The lecture was illuminated by such analogies as a comparison of "Our Parish," with *Oliver Twist*, which bore the same relation to each other as Wagner's *Rheingold*, to his *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

* * * * *

Fanny Dickens. We are indebted to Mr. S. F. D. Howarth, for allowing us to reproduce an interesting memento of Dickens's sister Fanny. That she could command a sum like nine guineas for a concert appearance in 1838 argues considerable ability and renown. Her receipt for such a sum reads as follows :

June 10th, 1838.

Received of the Right Hon. the Directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, by the hands of Messrs. Lonsdale & Mills, the Sum of Nine Pounds Nine Shillings. For my Performance at the said Concert this Season.

£9 9 0. [*Signed*] FRANCES DICKENS.

* * * * *

Rochester. The Medway towns, now busily preparing for the great Dickens Pageant to be held in the grounds of Rochester Castle next June, have of late again been prominent in Dickensian news. The house in which Dickens spent some years of his childhood, 11 Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, has been offered for sale at auction, withdrawn at £750 and sold privately. Bidding was not spirited at the auction owing to the old weather-boarded house being scheduled for demolition ; but in these days of building restrictions it may stand for some years yet. The famous "moon-faced" clock of Rochester High Street has had its wooden mechanism, which has faithfully served it since 1706, replaced by electricity. Finally we are happy to record a recent meeting of the Rochester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship when its President, Dean Crick, presented Miss A. Butler with a radio set on behalf of the members in commemoration of her thirty years service to the branch as Hon. Treasurer and seventeen as Hon. Secretary. A fine record gracefully acknowledged.

* * * * *

Wm. A. Clark, F.S.A., F.R.P.S. Hard upon Mr. Wm. A. Clark's generous gift to the Dickens House of his complete subscriber's set of the Nonesuch Edition of Dickens, comes the news of his death, at his home in Moseley, Birmingham, on December 15th. In spite of an extremely active business life (he was managing director of two companies) he found time to indulge his favourite pursuit of photography to such effect that his work achieved nation-wide recognition, especially in architectural fields. He had no rival in the photographic depiction of our great cathedrals, and his art was used to full effect on Westminster Abbey and also in the Victoria County History of Warwickshire. He was tireless in photographing

CHARLES DICKENS
by Count Alfred d'Orsay, 1841

(*See page* 59)

old London, the results furnishing materials for an exhibition at the Birmingham Art Gallery in 1936, and at the London Guildhall in 1949. In those exhibitions were reflected his great love and knowledge of the works of Dickens, and after the closing of the second, he presented framed prints of all the Dickens scenes to the Dickens House. His work has often adorned these pages, perhaps the most memorable examples being a series of photographs of Rochester Cathedral, (June 1937) to illustrate his own attempted solution of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and some of Little Nell's Church at Tong (1932).

* * * * *

Dramatists' opportunity. The Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society, which is affiliated to the Dickens Fellowship, is to celebrate the Festival of Britain by inaugurating an "Open Play Writing Competition." Candidates are invited to submit full-length dramatic versions of Dickens's novels. Particulars of the judges and the prizes will be announced later. Further details may be obtained from the Dramatic Secretary, Mrs. Metcalfe, 65 Clifton Park Road, Bristol, 8.

* * * * *

Francis Jeffery Dickens. Efforts are being made in America to restore the grave of Dickens's third son, Francis Jeffery, who, a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, died on June 11th, 1886. He was buried at Riverside Cemetery, Moline, Ill. and is commemorated by a monument bearing his sculptured portrait. This in now in need of repair and newspaper editors on both sides of the border are interesting themselves in this project. In September last we recorded the fact that a large sheet of water in Saskatchewan had been named Dickens Lake in memory of this gallant member of the Canadian Mounties.

* * * * *

Richard Bentley. Mr. K. J. Fielding, who has been busily engaged for some time past upon the compilation of the new edition of Dickens's letters under the direction of Mr. Humphry House, informs us that he has found new Dickens letters in the Bentley Papers which have been presented to the British Museum by Friends of the National Libraries. They consist mainly of short notes referring to the payment of contributors to *Bentley's Miscellany* the more important letters being now in the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library. There are also a number of printed copies of some of the agreements made between Bentley and Dickens ; and an agreement between Bentley and Shirley Brooks which Dickens drew up and witnessed.

* * * * *

Dickens loses an election. Under this title Professor Ada B. Nisbet has contributed an interesting article to the Summer, 1950, Number of the Princeton University Library Chronicle. It tells of the little known incident of the Rectorial Election of the University of Glasgow in 1858, when Dickens, Lytton and Lord Shaftesbury were candidates. The result revealed Lytton at the top of the poll and Dickens at the bottom. The article is illustrated by five amusing broadsides issued by the students in the course of the election campaign.

* * * * *

Diligence. Mr. W. J. Carlton, one of our most painstaking enquirers, has run to earth one of Boz's articles never recognised as Dickens's work. This article is printed on another page. He has also discovered that the *Sketch* "Brokers and Marine Store Shops," until now considered by Kitton and others to have been specially

written for inclusion in the first edition (1836) of *Sketches by Boz* in two volumes, did really appear in the *Morning Chronicle*, on December 15th, 1834.

* * * * *

Dickens in Yugoslavia. We have received the first handsome volume of *Pickwick*, to be completed in two, which is the beginning of the first complete edition of Dickens in the Croatian language. The work has been undertaken by Professor Stjepan Kresic, and is being issued by the Nopok Publishing Company of Zagreb.

* * * * *

From New Zealand. An interesting booklet reaches us from New Zealand. In it Mr. A. H. Reed has reprinted an article from *All the Year Round*, of 1862, entitled *From the Black Rocks on Friday* which has hitherto remained unknown to historians of New Zealand. It is an exciting story of a castaway and Mr. Reed has endeavoured both to identify the island concerned and to explore the possibility of Dickens having a hand in the writing of it. The arguments advanced are no less absorbing than the story itself. Appearing with it is *A Gold Digger's Notes*, reprinted, also for the first time, from an issue of the same journal two years later. (A. H. and A. W. Reed, Wellington, N.Z., 5*s*.).

* * * * *

Bransby on "T.V." We are proud to claim the first presentation of a full length Dickens dramatic adaptation on television as the work of a Vice-President of the Fellowship. Mr. Bransby Williams appeared as Ebenezer in a two-hour adaptation of *A Christmas Carol* on Christmas Day, followed by another performance for the children on 27th December. Mr. Williams put everything we have learnt to expect of him into his presentation of Scrooge. Besides being a fine piece of characterisation, it was a great feat of endurance, under the hot and tiring studio lights for one who has attained the grand age of 80, culminating with his appearance with Tiny Tim on his shoulder. It is true there were transpositions for dramatic purposes, and some minor examples of miscasting. Nevertheless, it was a very interesting production. We were sorry to learn that during the second performance Mr. Williams was taken ill, but as would be expected from such an artiste he betrayed no sign of it. It is with great pleasure that we hear that he has made a good recovery.

* * * * *

A Correction. Sir Michael Culme Seymour, the owner of Rockingham Castle and the great-grandson of the Watsons, writes to say that the diary from which extracts were published in our last number, was that kept by the Hon. Richard Watson and not, as the Editor had been told, by Mrs. Watson. Sir Michael points out that this accounts for the fact that the diary stops at Mr. Watson's death in July, 1852, and shows that the references to Lavinia mean his wife. The correction does not affect any interest the Editor's notes to the diary may have in themselves. Sir Michael adds: "If I can find them [the missing diaries of Mrs. Watson] I will send them to you, but meanwhile you may like to correct the authorship . . ."

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

A GREAT DICKENSIAN

COUNT DE SUZANNET

WITH the death of the Count de Suzannet, reported on another page, there passes from the Dickens scene so notable a figure, so attractive a personality, that it may safely be predicted that we "shall not look upon his like again." The Dickens Fellowship has known no more staunch a friend, and the Dickens House no benefactor half so generous. We now realise how deeply to be regretted it is that all our efforts to persuade him to come to London failed. He knew that a great affectionate demonstration would be accorded him by the members and from that his modest nature shrank. But he kept in the closest touch with us by correspondence formerly with the late Editor of this magazine, whom he entertained in his home in Switzerland, and latterly with his successor, who will ever cherish the memories of his own visits to that hospitable house.

Count de Suzannet
photographed in his garden at Lousanne by the Editor, 1946.

Count de Suzannet was descended from an ancient French family. He was the great-grandson of the companion and successor of Baron de Charette, Général Constant de Suzannet, who played a notable part in the last rising in La Vendée in 1832. Born on July 22nd, 1882, at Reichenau in Austria, Count de Suzannet was the son of the then Secretary to the French Ambassador in Vienna. His own account of his family, *Notes généalogiques et biographiques sur la famille de Suzannet*, was printed at Lausanne in 1934. His mother, *née* Nina French, came of a family long established in New York. After a distinguished military career in the First World War, Count de Suzannet lived at Biarritz, and about twenty-five years ago settled in Lausanne. Here he gave full rein to his passion for books and manuscripts, and, over the years, built up his wonderful library which has long enjoyed an international reputation. In addition to a French historical collection, of which the core was the story of his own family, his main interests were English and French literature. He had wonderful collections of Thackeray and Kipling

(later dispersed), Mérimée, Töpffer, Kate Greenaway and, above all, Dickens, for whose works his enthusiasm, rooted early in life, remained paramount to the end. Portions of his Dickens collection came into the market, but only to make way for items of greater importance, rendering it the finest Dickens collection in private hands in Europe, if not in the world. It includes such rarities as a number of pages of the original MS. of *Pickwick Papers*, the majority of the surviving sheets of the MS. of *Nicholas Nickleby*, a fine set of the novels in the original monthly parts, including two sets of *Pickwick*, a unique run of presentation copies in which almost every work is represented, many original drawings of the famous illustrations, a superb collection of nearly 600 letters selected for their literary or biographical importance, and much else besides. These were lovingly housed in the dignified library of his home, La Petite Chardière, at Lausanne—La Chardière being the name of his ancestral home in France.

The house stands high in a garden which commands a view of the Eastern end of Lake Geneva with the Dent du Midi in the distance, and it is appropriate that that incomparable group closes the view from that beautiful garden, for the Swiss Alps exercised a great fascination for the Count comparatively late in life, when he became an accomplished climber. His climbing was mainly undertaken from Zermatt where, since the war, he built himself a beautiful chalet in which he housed his extensive Alpine library. To walk with him through that village was to realise how loved and respected he was by the guides and the climbing fraternity generally and it was always Count de Suzannet who took the lead in the sad duties that followed the occasional tragedies among British and other climbers. About two years ago he was forbidden by his medical advisers any longer to indulge his passion for high climbs, and he seemed to lose much of his zest for life.

His close association with the Dickens Fellowship has occupied twenty busy years. His contributions and reviews in our columns reveal the undoubted fact that few of Dickens's own countrymen have so comprehensive a knowledge of the novelist's life and work; and when in his view, Dickens was dealt with unjustly, he could command a biting style.

It was upon his election as Vice President of the Dickens Fellowship in 1934 that was made the first of the long succession of his gifts to the Dickens House. It was the fine portrait of Dickens by Frith, claimed by some to be superior to the other version in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In the following year came the original of Green's "Meeting of the Pickwick Club"; in 1936, the presentation of a page of the original MS. of *Pickwick*, a princely gift, made in honour of the centenary of the book. It was in the following year that he presented a whole chapter (No. IX) 39 sheets, of the MS. of *Nicholas Nickleby* together with some MSS. of later journalistic writings. This latter group was the subject of a special presentation ceremony at the Mansion House, when the French Ambassador acted for the donor and Lady Dickens represented the Dickens House. And so the tale of munificence proceeds through the years, the last example being made only a few short weeks ago. The Count was taking a characteristically deep interest in Mr. Humphry House's new edition of Dickens's Letters, now in preparation, and purchased a series of eighty-seven which had never been printed. These, he decided, should, after Mr. House had taken his transcripts, go to the Dickens House and there they will be preserved.

It will thus be seen that the collections at Doughty Street are immeasurably the richer with these munificent gifts, but it must be added that the donor's purse strings were ever loose if money was needed for the work of the Fellowship. He made a handsome donation

towards maintaining this magazine in the dark days of the recent war and the present writer will ever remember with pride and affection that his appointments as Hon. Secretary and later as Editor, were each marked by donations to the Fellowship of £100 by the Count de Suzannet, and many other instances of his munificence could be cited.

Other institutions were also beholden to him. He made important gifts to the Bibliothèque Cantonale, to the University of Lausanne, and to the Association du Vieux Lausanne, in all of which he was greatly interested as well as being for many years a member of the committee of the Conservatoire de Lausanne. Of his private charity distressed members of the Russian colony in Lausanne, and the country folk of Zermatt, have grateful knowledge.

Ever gracious and courteous, the epitome of all that is best in a French gentleman, he was yet the most unassuming of men, and although he loved to see his guests provided with everything his keen sense of hospitality could suggest, he himself lived very simply. He had a faultless command of both written and spoken English as of his native French and loved to talk of Dickens for hours upon end. He would delight to take down a large London atlas and trace the movements of Dickens's characters through the streets. Never for a moment did one feel in that wonderful library that its treasures were revered for anything but their association with a favourite author. His love of simplicity was even more fully indulged at Zermatt. When not climbing, he would be out on the mountain sides each morning by seven or eight o'clock, always attended by Karl Franzen, his faithful guide, and trudge methodically up to a given objective which was reached by midday, the return being begun after the briefest halt.

The Count's devoted wife, the daughter of Admiral Doubassov, *aide de camp général* to the Emperor Nicholas II, is as great a lover of England and of Dickens as her husband, and she took the keenest interest in his Dickensian and other literary pursuits and collections. To that gracious lady, we of the Fellowship extend our fervent and most deeply felt sympathies at this time of trial.

L.C.S.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

"MR. POWELL"

Sir,

Will you allow me to add a *postscriptum* to my letter printed in *The Dickensian* Spring Number 1948, p. 104? In *The Times* of Monday, July 11, 1836, is a brief report of the action for breach of contract brought against John Black on the previous Saturday. It gives none of the details I quoted from the *Morning Chronicle* report, but it does give the name of the plaintiff as "Mr. J. H. Powell, late sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle* and editor of the *Evening Chronicle*."

This confirms my surmise that the various references to "Powell" or "Mr. Powell" in Dickens's letters and elsewhere do not necessarily refer to the same individual. The father-in-law of Emily Soldene and Dickens's colleague on the *Morning Chronicle* was John Hill Powell. The employee of Chapman & Co. (according to Mr. Wilfred Partington), and the author of *The Living Authors of England* (according to the title page) was Thomas Powell. It would be interesting to know which of the two was the first sub-editor of the *Daily News* and what, if any, was the relationship between them.

ANDOVER. W. J. CARLTON.

"THE STORY WITHOUT A BEGINNING"

An Unrecorded Contribution by Boz to the *Morning Chronicle*

By William J. Carlton

ALTHOUGH Dickensian scholars have sought diligently, and with no small measure of success, to identify and put on record every scrap of the novelist's minor writings, finality in such an enterprise is probably unattainable.

"I have taken with fear and trembling to authorship," said Dickens through the mouthpiece of David Copperfield. "I wrote a little something, in secret, and sent it to a magazine. Since then, I have taken heart to write a good many trifling pieces." The "little something" was "A Dinner at Poplar Walk," first printed in the *Monthly Magazine* of December 1833, and afterwards re-christened "Mr. Minns and his Cousin." The anonymous author was then in the employ of his uncle John Henry Barrow, editor and proprietor of the *Mirror of Parliament* and himself a voluminous contributor to the contemporary periodical press on a variety of political, social and historical topics. Whether Barrow's example served as an incentive to his young nephew at this early stage of his literary career is a question which might form the subject of a fruitful enquiry.

Other "trifling pieces" were printed in the *Monthly Magazine* of 1834. By August of that year Dickens had adopted the pseudonym "Boz" and transferred his services to a daily newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*, which had been recently purchased in the interest of the Reformers and had become a formidable rival of the *Times*. Its editor, shrewd John Black, was quick to sense the capabilities of the young journalist for more creative work than the reporting of speeches. The first of a series of "Street Sketches," signed "Boz," appeared in the *Chronicle* of September 26th, and the fifth (and last) in the issue of December 15th, 1834. It may be noted in passing that this last sketch, "Brokers' and Marine Store Shops," escaped the notice even of such careful bibliographers as Hatton and Cleaver. Following F. G. Kitton, they assumed it to have been written specially for the collected *Sketches by Boz*, in the first volume of which it was reprinted fifteen months later.

Dickens had entered the gallery of the old House of Commons just before the triumphant passage of the Reform Bill. Seated on the back bench behind five or six rows of strangers, he had been a recorder as well as an eye-witness of many a hard-fought debate from that doubtful vantage point in the Lower House, and occasionally from a "preposterous pen" in the Lords, throughout the first session of the Reformed Parliament and the short-lived administration of Lord Melbourne. Among the notable oratorical efforts which his pen helped to preserve were Stanley's eloquent speech on the second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill on February 27th, 1833, and an impassioned appeal by O'Connell during the passage of the same measure through the House of Commons.

In this overcharged atmosphere of political controversy he had spent two years or more when, on the morning of November 15th, 1834, the country was electrified by the news that the first Melbourne government had been summarily dismissed by the King, who disapproved of their Irish church policy. This *coup d'état* was the last occasion on which an English sovereign sought to impose an unpopular government on the majority in parliament, and it effectually destroyed the waning popularity of the good-natured sailor king. The "political perplexity and social alarm" engendered by William IV's action provided Disraeli with the background for some of his most incisive

comments in the pages of *Coningsby*, and young Dickens, himself an ardent Radical of the "sentimental" school, could hardly fail to be influenced by the prevailing mood of frustration and disillusionment. Three days after the publication of the last of his "Street Sketches" another "trifling piece" in a very different vein was printed in the *Morning Chronicle* of December 18th, 1834. Unknown to all Dickens bibliographers and commentators, it is here reprinted for the first time. In the guise of a translation from the German which was in fact an ingenious political satire in the form of an allegory, Dickens doubtless gave expression to his own feelings when he epitomized the events leading up to and immediately succeeding the crisis of November 15th in this fashion :

THE STORY WITHOUT A BEGINNING.

[Translated from the German by Boz.]

And the child was happy, and he trod on soft carpets, and feasted on rich delicacies, and listened to the sound of music, and his mind was easy, and the child was quite at home, for it was not his first childhood, but his second childhood. And people gaily clad, wearing fine glittering stars upon their breasts, like the beautiful diamond drops that twinkle in the blue sky on a frosty night, flattered the child, and praised his wisdom ; and the unsuspecting child—for he knew no guile—believed them. Now the child had beds of flowers that loved him ; and when he walked among them, they clustered around him so fondly in the bright noon-day, that they fanned him with their pure breath, and protected him from the sun's glare. And the insects and reptiles that bask in sunshine, and retreat to small dark corners when the air is cold, hated the flowers and stung them, and tried to spoil their growth. But the flowers grew and flourished ; and as they reared their noble heads, and gradually developed their bright colours more and more, the insects grew frightened, and shrunk back to their holes. But when the flowers were lulled to sleep by the calm air of a peaceful summer's night, the insects crawled to the child, and crept into his ear, and left their poison there ; and the child, confused by the constant buzzing of the insects, forgot his old dear friends the flowers, and left them. There was one bed of flowers which had been beautiful ; they blossomed still, a bright, bright green, but they hung their heads, and were fast fading away. They had been forced in their youth, and cut down, and grafted on an old stem ; their natural juices were dried up, and they withered fast. But when they drooped and asked the child to prop them up, and keep such blossoms as they had, from falling to the ground, he only forced them the more. Their opening buds were rudely torn off, and the insects devoured them, and drew the very life and sap from the flowers ; and the child looked playfully on, for he forgot the days when the old green flowers were the bravest part of the triple chaplet that adorned his brow. The other flowers, conscious of their own neglect, and smarting under the stings of the insects, saw all this, sullenly enough ; and as they beheld their neighbours bending to the very earth, and withering for want of nourishment and culture, they felt angry that the child should ever have gathered their blossoms, and sorry that he should have shared them with the greedy insects.

Now, the child had gardeners who ministered to the flowers. They were bees—active, hard-working bees ; they found the roots choaked up by weeds ; and their growth impeded by the remains of some burrows that had become close and rotten. They were very small, but they harboured rats in myriads, and some of them had the magical property, when one body was dissolved, of disgorging two carcasses on the neighbouring commons ; and at last the corruption became quite insupportable. So the bees went actively to work, and let streams of running water into the burrows, and pulled up the weeds by the roots ; but the insects had always lived in the weeds and burrows ; and as they were now turned out of their retreats, and had no means of getting to the commons, they crawled to the child, and cried bitterly. The child was tender-hearted, and cried too ; then the insects cried the more, and then the grand persons with the bright stars began to cry, and then they all cried, like slimy crocodiles.

The bees, who were still engaged in grubbing up old weeds, thought this crying was a hum; but they were mistaken, for the child got bewildered, and, with the assistance of a small quantity of brimstone, turned the bees out of their hive, and put the insects in their places. The care of the flowers was consigned to their new masters; and the insects, who had lain torpid for some time before, expanded their wings, and fluttered into a butterfly existence.

But the insects were disappointed, and the child was deceived. He looked on—lightly at first, then attentively, and then sadly. He saw the gay flowers, whose gently waving heads used to greet him fondly, turn coldly from him; the sun seemed no longer to smile on them, and the cold shade was on him. He saw the other bed fast dwindling away; its beauty melting like the thin ice that vanishes before the morning sun, and its flowers dying before his eyes; and as the mildew and the rot blighted them in groups, he thought, in his agony, that he had better even have adopted the advice which one of the insects had given him long before, and put the whole bed under the still water for a day and a night. He saw the once cheerful flowers closing their beautiful petals, and refusing to yield one drop of moisture to the humbled insects who begged it in vain for their and his support. He looked in vain for the glad welcome they once gave him; and, oh! how painfully he thought of the time when they freely scattered their rich blossoms in his path. He cast himself on the ground, and cursed the insects, now fast perishing around him. At length he appealed to his former friends the flowers, and conjured them by the recollection of their old attachment and companionship to take pity on his helpless loneliness. But the flowers, who had been obliged to support one another when their natural protectors deserted them, turned a deaf ear to his earnest prayers; and the child found, to his grief and sorrow, that the appeal had been made too late.

Readers of the *Morning Chronicle* would have had little difficulty in interpreting this allegory as a topical squib. The child is, of course, William IV, whose unstable methods of personal government had so recently culminated in the dismissal of the Melbourne ministry—the gardeners. The flowers were the king's loyal subjects, and the green bed of flowers grafted on an old stem the people of Ireland. Whigs and Tories are symbolised by the bees and insects respectively, while the "commons" and "burrows" are transparent allusions to the House of Commons and the "rotten boroughs" which the Reform Act had swept away.

If proof were needed that Dickens knew little or nothing of the language from which this "translation" purports to be made, his letter to Dr. Heinrich Künzel of September 13th, 1841, would suffice. "I wish to heaven I could speak German, however badly," he confessed. But in the next sentence he wrote: "I can be indifferent to nothing that links English literature with Germany," and there can be little doubt that he had read *The Story without an End*, Mrs. Sarah Austin's admirable translation of Friedrich Wilhelm Carové's *Das Mährchen ohne Ende*, of which "The Story without a Beginning" is a clever parody. This delightful fantasy was dedicated by the translator to her daughter Lucie, whose favourite book it was, and published in the winter of 1833-34. Carlyle received a copy of the "allerliebste Büchlein" from Mrs. Austin in January 1834, and Carové himself paid her the compliment of declaring that the translation and the original were as indistinguishable as twins (Janet Ross, *Three Generations of Englishwomen*, 1893, p.112).

"The Story without a Beginning" is noteworthy as an indication of the trend of its author's sympathies at this early stage of his political development rather than for any promise of exceptional literary powers or what has been called the Dickens quality. It was perhaps the first of those exercises in political satire in which Dickens loved to indulge and of which "The Thousand and One Humbugs," a series of parodies of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, is a typical example.

More than fifteen years later Carové's story appears to have been again in Dickens's mind. *Household Words* had just been launched, and on March 14th, 1850, the editor wrote to Forster from Brighton : " Looking over the suggested contents of number two at breakfast this morning, I felt an uneasy sense of there being a want of something tender, which would apply to some universal household knowledge. Coming down on the railroad the other night (always a wonderfully suggestive place to me when I am alone), I was looking at the stars, and revolving a little idea about them. Putting now these two things together, I wrote the enclosed little paper, straightaway." That little paper was one of the most touching of Dickens's occasional pieces—" A Child's Dream of a Star."

Dickens had earlier confided to his biographer that he and his elder sister Fanny, as children, used to wander at night about a churchyard near their home at Chatham, looking up at the stars. The death of his sister in the autumn of 1848 had vividly reawakened all the childish associations which made her memory dear to him. The opening words of " A Child's Dream of a Star " are those of Carové's *chef d'oeuvre*, in which the stars figure prominently, and a comparison of Dickens's narrative with *The Story without an End* in Sarah Austin's translation seems to indicate that Carove's influence was still at work when he composed the little paper which some have not hesitated to rank among the world's greatest short stories.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

XVIII

GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND, 17th April, 1848

[This completes the series of Dickens's speeches at the Festival Dinners of the G.T.F. (See notes in *The Dickensian*, 1945, p. 15, and 1946, p. 72.) No printed copy appears to have survived and this report has been obtained from the columns of *The Era*—Editor.]

THE ninth anniversary festival of the General Theatrical Fund was held at the London Tavern on the 17th April, 1848, with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in the chair. Earlier in the year Dickens, as one of the trustees of the Fund, had written to Lytton asking him to preside* ; and he now sat on his right, while the guest of honour Sheriff Hill, and the Treasurer J. B. Buckstone, were seated on his left.

The usual loyal toasts were given and received with the customary enthusiasm ; and in replying for the Navy, Captain Chappell caused some amusement by regretting that " the highly talented gentleman on the right of the worthy President," had not brought " his friend Captain Cuttle." Other speakers followed, including the Chairman, who proposed " Prosperity to the Trade and Commerce of the City of London," and Sheriff Hill who replied. The Sheriff made a somewhat strange speech, saying that " in his official capacity he had made it his duty to enquire how many actors were employed in Newgate ; and he had found there was not one, out of its 3,000 occupants."

When Dickens rose, therefore, to propose the health of the Chairman, he replied to both the Captain and the Sheriff :

He had, he said, never been in *limbo*, and therefore his knowledge of the Old Bailey was but limited ; and as the worthy Sheriff had been

* 12 Jan., 1848, Dickens dated it wrongly as 1847, under which date it is given in the Nonesuch edition of the *Letters*, II, p. 4.

pleased to remark that but few, if any, actors had been in "durance vile," he thought he might return the compliment by saying that he believed that but few sheriffs had been resident in Newgate. [*Laughter*]. With respect to the speech of the gallant officer, who returned thanks for the Navy, he could assure him that though his friend Captain Cuttle was not present, he most indubitably would "take a note of it." [*Hear, hear, and laughter*].

"Good wine," as Rosalind says, "needs no bush;" so a good play needs no epilogue; a good book no preface; and a good toast but few words. It was conventionally supposed that actors were an improvident race; but he would maintain that it was more creditable to those who yielded up out of so many shillings so many pence to a fund for decayed brethren, than those who hoarded up hundreds. [*Cheers*]. And he would assert that, in the profession, there were a number of highly honourable, talented, and striving men and women, of whose daily lives many of the company then assembled might take an example. [*Hear, hear*].

Mr. Dickens then pronounced a high eulogium on the talents of the chairman, who, he said, had written the best comedy since Goldsmith's time; and as to his works of fiction, they were known and appreciated by all the world; and concluded by calling on the company to drink his health, a toast which was responded to with all the accustomed honours.

Dickens also proposed the final toast of the evening. He had, he said, but half a dozen words to say. The Muses were ladies; the Graces were ladies; some of the best writers were ladies; some of the best characters in tragedy and comedy were ladies; the brightest portion of our existence were ladies; and the very best and kindest saints in the calendar were ladies. He would, therefore, give "The Ladies."

The next day Dickens wrote an account of the proceedings in a letter to Forster:

Devonshire T.
Eighteenth April 1848.
Birth Day of the Ocean Spectre.

My Dear Forster.

The naval captain who alluded to Captain Cuttle, made the best speech of the kind I ever heard in my life. The dinner went off capitally. Hirsute very good, but with that strange unfortunate manner in full force, and a dodge in the way of action which I will describe to you vivâ voce. Dick was very good—but that of course—both in reply to the Capting, and the Sheriff—who had said a very odd thing—also to be described.*

Who "Hirsute" may have been it is difficult to say, unless it refers to Lytton whose unfortunate manner as a speaker was notorious. Fifteen years later Dickens still remembered Sheriff Hill's remark, and his own rejoinder, and repeated them at the festival of the Fund in 1863.†

K.J.F.

* From MS. in the Forster collection. A rather different text is given in the Nonesuch edition of the *Letters*, II, p. 81, which reads "Hirsate."

† *The Dickensian*, XLI, 1945, Uncollected Speeches xi, p. 19.

DICKENSIAN BIOGRAPHY FROM FORSTER TO THE PRESENT DAY

By T. W. Hill

Continued from page 15.

The first part of this paper dealt with biographies of Dickens up to 1934, and introduced the new method, then becoming fashionable, by which biography is being written, founded on the use of the dissecting scalpel and consisting largely of theories and guesses.

The first of these was by Hugh Kingsmill who, in 1934, wrote an analysis of Dickens's character under the title of *The Sentimental Journey*. The theme is that the outstanding quality of Dickens's character was Self-Pity. That a person should suffer from Self-Pity at some time or during some incident in his life is, of course, everyone's experience, but that Self-Pity is the governing motive of a whole career I refuse to believe, and that a man of Dickens's energy, self-reliance, fighting spirit and commonsense, was imbued through and through with self-pity is to me impossible, and when it is maintained, as it is by Kingsmill, that Dickens expressed that Self-Pity in every book he ever wrote and through many of his characters, it becomes more impossible still. A *Sentimental* Journey indeed.

Kingsmill had seen in a daily paper in April, 1934, that is a few months before he was writing, an article by Thomas Wright about Dickens and Ellen Lawless Ternan, and in his foreword Kingsmill stated that he considers that article the " most important contribution to the biography of Dickens in this century ". With Wright I shall be dealing presently. I do not know whether Kingsmill knew Wright or what he knew of Ellen Ternan, but in any case he appears to have accepted that article as gospel without any enquiry as to its authenticity, and his own personal sentimentality over his theme of Dickens's Self-Pity reached its climax on his last page : " though Ellen Ternan appealed at first to his idealism she soon became the object of the sensuality with which he tried to drug the unhappiness of his later years . . . That he had been cheated in life was his deepest and most constant emotion". I can only say that, after a life-long devotion to and an unremitting concentration during the past fourteen years on Dickens's writings, I cannot find any evidence of his endeavours to drug his unhappiness with sensuality. And as to Self-Pity, I see not a constant introspective dwelling on his wrongs, but a pride in accomplishment. The completion of each successive book is marked by the gratification at " something attempted, something done " and note also his ecstatic reference to his reception by audiences during his public Reading Tours and see if you can find any Self-Pity or even the smallest vestige of it.

Now I come to a most important development in the trend of Dickensian biography and must deal with Thomas Wright as shortly as I can, consistently with my main theme, and keeping as fitting a sense of proportion as possible. The article in the *Daily Express* in April, 1934, was a sort of " Puff Preliminary ", as Sheridan would say, for the book that appeared in 1935 : Wright's *Life of Charles Dickens*. He says in the preface that he had been accumulating material for thirty years ; he had, indeed, thought of issuing it in 1904, but did not as Mrs. Robinson, known to us as Ellen Lawless Ternan, was then still alive. Wright got his information about the friendship of Miss Ternan and Dickens from Canon Benham. (I omit many details not germane to my purpose.) So Wright's book did not appear till 1935,

when Ellen Ternan, Kate Perugini, Canon Benham, and Sir Henry Dickens were all dead.

In the same way that Langton had attempted to supplement Forster's narrative of Dickens's early boyhood, so Wright essayed to do with Dickens's last few years. I must deal with the method of the writing, not only of Wright but of those who succeeded him. Wright's principal object is to shew that the whole of Dickens's life and works were deeply influenced by his association with Miss Ternan, who, he states definitely, became Dickens's mistress " no great while after his separation from his wife ", that is soon after 1858. Such a grave accusation against the character of any woman, alive or dead, ought obviously to be fully substantiated. But mere reports of conversations, however accurate they may be claimed to be, cannot be accepted as authoritative, particularly if the imparter of the information is dead as well as the subject of the conversations, and we have no factual evidence supporting Wright's arraignment of Miss Ternan's good name and memory ; Wright in this way abandoned common standards of decency and the canons of genuine biography to pander to the desires of those who relish sensationalism.

We do require absolute proof that he ever had intimate relations with her and until that proof is forthcoming the story is suspect, to say the least. When that absolute proof is produced it will perforce be accepted, but the bare statement " I say so " of *anyone* is not authoritative.

After the publication of Wright's book both Dexter and Ley wrote to him with reference to the allegations and he replied to each of them separately that he had proofs and added that there were children (in the plural) of the union. Yet he did not say anything about children in his book, and when he wrote his autobiography two years later there was still no mention of children. The natural question arises : why was it omitted ? However, suppose we assume one child only, as stated by Miss Gladys Storey, whom I shall come to soon. What was the name of the infant ? How long did it live ? When was it born ? Where was it buried ? I do not ask if its birth was registered, because Dexter made a prolonged search at Somerset House and could find nothing, although it is quite possible that he missed it in the confusion of the number of names mentioned by Wright under which it might appear. I should perhaps add without further comment that although registration of births became obligatory in 1834, that of illegitimate children was not compulsory till 1876.

There is another matter with which I will deal here although it is slightly out of sequence. Wright had not completed all his investigations when he rushed into print—after waiting thirty years to do so ; his autobiography written two years later included further results and he then wrote that he had traced a home in Peckham for Ellen, and that people there remembered that a gentleman whose name was Charles Tringham, in whose name the house appears in the Rate-books, used to visit there ; the same people knew also that he was writing a mystery. This is quite important. Is it credible that a man known well in appearance to probably most Londoners from his incessant wanderings in all parts of the Metropolis at all times of the day and night, whose portrait was familiar to the public in print-sellers' and photographers' windows and in illustrated journals, would not be readily recognised as Charles Dickens ? And, further, we know that he *liked* being seen and known as, when he was on his travels about the country he often wrote home recording his pleasure that passers-by had recognised him. At the Staplehurst railway accident he actually said to the guards : " Look at me. Do stop an instant and look at me, and tell me whether you don't know me ". I feel certain that, had he taken a house at Peckham, or anywhere else, under a false

name, all London would have known about it. Why, in these circumstances, should he hide behind an alias ?

Now, as regards the mystery story. *We* know that in March, 1870, only three months before his death, Dickens had publicly announced that he was writing a new book, and we know that the first number of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* appeared two weeks later. *We* know, but no one except the printers *then* knew, that he had been at work on the manuscript during the previous autumn, that is in 1869. How could the domestic help at Peckham, from whom Wright got the gossip at third hand, become aware that Mr. Tringham was busy with a mystery ? Look again at the dates : Wright says the house was occupied from 1867, the inception of Edwin Drood was in 1869 and the publication April, 1870. When did the gossip begin to know of the writing of the mystery ? And did she recognise Charles Dickens as Charles Tringham when the book was printed ? Much elucidation is still required.

Now, after this over-long excursus I must get back to the further development of Dickens Biography.

In 1939 Miss Gladys Storey published her *Dickens and Daughter*. The book purports to be the result of many intimate conversations with Kate Perugini over a number of years. It recounts many anecdotes, not all relating to Dickens, in a gossipy way, but like all gossip is not presented in a good literary style and is chary and muddled with regard to actual dates. It is necessary to remember, in reading this book, that Mrs. Perugini, when she deposited at the British Museum, in 1899, all her father's letters to his wife, included a memorandum in which occurs this sentence : " The cause of the parting of my father and mother is not unknown to me, but as I look upon their separation as a strictly private arrangement . . . with which the public has no concern . . ." I must add that Mrs. Perugini always took a lively interest in the Dickens Fellowship and spoke on many occasions at our meetings and invariably referred to her father in the most affectionate and admiring terms. It is astonishing and will always be a matter of astonishment that, at the age of eighty-eight, as I gather from the context in Miss Storey's book, she should have confided such statements about her revered father to Miss Storey and to no one else. The picture Miss Storey gives is that of a very elderly lady sitting in her chair musing on the past and between long intervals of silence uttering her thoughts aloud in a dreamy sort of way. My remaining comment is a question why the book was not published until ten years after Mrs. Perugini's death ; it cannot have taken ten years to write.

In this survey of Dickensian biography I have been laying a certain amount of stress on the reliability of the successive Lives. I must, therefore, say a few words here as to the reliability of the two or three books which we are now approaching. The details of Dickens's association with Miss Ternan that have been given by Wright and Miss Storey have been accepted by those who followed, apparently without any question or any effort to verify them, and this seems to me deplorable. The good name of the dead, whether famous or not, should be very dear to us and we ought not to view with unconcern any defamatory statement about a great person like Dickens or about an unrenowned actress like Ellen Ternan or, indeed, about anyone.

And, observe what follows : in the year after Miss Storey's book appeared Edward Wilson, an American man of letters, who devoted an essay, not a biography, in his book *The Wound and the Bow* (1940), to a discussion of what he called Dickens's moral confusion brought about by his association with Miss Ternan and its effect on his novels and their plots.

Ellen Lawless Ternan
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Meanwhile, Dame Una Pope-Hennessey, a practised and usually careful biographer, had been studying closely the Nonesuch Edition of Dickens's Letters, so far the completest collection, and applying the knowledge so acquired to the results of other researches in the columns of *The Dickensian* and elsewhere, published in 1945 her book *Charles Dickens*, which her publishers in their blurb averred " would prove to be the final life ". It is, on the whole, a reliable book for reference, attractively written and well arranged, a narrative rather than an appraisement of Dickens's position in the history of English literature, but it loses a little of its authoritative character by its detached point of view. Dame Una accepts the whole of the statements of both Wright and Storey, and even improves on Wright by identifying as Ellen Ternan the young lady who was in the same carriage as Dickens in the Staplehurst railway accident in 1865. Apparently Dame Una got this tit-bit of information from a book, *Keeping off the Shelf* (1930), written by Mrs. Whiffen, a lady over eighty years of age, whose husband, long since dead, had, as a choir-boy at Rochester Cathedral in 1865, heard that Ellen Ternan was a god-daughter of Dickens and that she was in the train with him. To this Dame Una adds her own little frill that during the rescue work Dickens had his brandy-flask suspended round his neck like a pair of field-glasses.

Of course, as Dame Una's book was proclaimed as the " final life ", other writers were anxious to plunge : Dame Una must be improved upon. So Mr. Hesketh Pearson last year (1949) published his book *Charles Dickens : his Character, Comedy and Career*. As I have reviewed this book quite recently it is only necessary to say that Dickens's character is besmirched, his comedy seems to be lacking, and his career is very inadequately dealt with. Nothing is added to our biographical knowledge, there are many errors, and the book is full of innuendos which may shew the author's skill in epigram, but also shew his dislike of almost every person mentioned—from Dickens and Forster down to those who do not matter. It might, indeed, have a sub-title, " Dickens and others whom I dislike ". Mr. Pearson has to depend, perforce, much on Forster, but turns and rends him as having written a " heavy and half-told Life ", and also vilifies him in a whole chapter. As with Dame Una Pope-Hennessey, Mr. Pearson accepts Miss Storey and especially Wright in their entirety, but introduces improvements of his own invention. Not only is Miss Ternan in the railway carriage, but she is concerned about her bonnet-box which is in her estimation much more precious than Dickens's manuscript. Mr. Pearson has also discovered what her real character was. He writes, and it can be read by this lady's living son and daughter, that their mother placed " comfort before chastity ", and that she " expected to be kept in a luxury to which she was unaccustomed " and, further, that her character was one of " vanity combined with a desire for a competence ". Mr. Pearson also improves on Miss Storey by supplying the date of the birth of Ellen's alleged son ; Miss Storey gives no date, but Mr. Pearson *knows* it—the beginning of 1867 when the house at Peckham was rented " possibly because she was expecting a child ". He dots Wright's i's by fixing definitely the date of Ellen's surrender to Dickens's urgent solicitations at " certainly in 1863 ", although Wright had been purposely vague by saying, " Shortly after the separation from Mrs. Dickens " in 1858. Of such stuff and fustian is modern biography made. Whatever sordid reflection may be intended, such statements if untrue, are defamatory even though the perpetrator cannot be brought to book because the subject of the defamation be dead.

I am nearing the end of my subject and the last of the biographies of Dickens that I bring to your notice in this survey appeared early

this year. Jack Lindsay has written *Charles Dickens : a Biographical and Critical Study* (1950). Under the cover of admiring Dickens, and Mr. Lindsay avers that his admiration is genuine, he has examined Dickens's progress from obscurity to fame by methods of psychology, or is it psycho-analysis ? In any case it is Freudian and the book bristles with the ugly terminology of that cult. Moreover, the doctrines of Karl Marx also pervade the whole book. Its impression on me is that it reveals more of Lindsay than it does of Dickens, and I do not think that the author's idea that Dickens was sufficiently political in thought to reject capitalism and " bourgeois-values " of the " money-ethic " will convince anyone who reads with understanding his epoch-making novels or studies his mode of life. Psychology may be fashionable and may even have its uses but, as Mr. Lindsay uses it, it is very doubtful if it will oust commonsense and mother-wit in understanding Dickens. Mr. Lindsay defeats his own purpose by his insistence ; the reader suspects that he is preaching Freudism and using Dickens to illustrate his remarks. As was the case with Pearson, he breaks with the wholesome tradition of decency, delicacy, and restraint—sometimes quite miscalled prudery, which is a very different thing—on matters that most families desire to keep to themselves, and in the process he has invented a new term under the guise of an old word. It is " The Great Dickensian Lie ". By this he means the refusal of the ordinary Dickensian reader and student to accept without question all the statements of Wright and company. I need not remind a gathering of Dickens-lovers that all that is required is reasonable substantiation of statements. Give us substantiation and the facts must be accepted at once. But so far, that substantiation has not been forthcoming, and it is not a LIE to refuse to believe an unproved assertion. The use of such an epithet as LIE in such a way is reminiscent of a vulgar and quarrelsome urchin shouting in a street row. Repetition time after time does not establish a truth. That was tested in astronomy years ago. For many centuries the sun, the moon, and the whole heavens were supposed to revolve round the earth ; then came Copernicus, who proved that the idea was wrong. It has yet to be proved beyond question that Wright is the Dickensian Copernicus, and meanwhile we still revolve round *our* conception of what the real Dickens was like.

As Dame Una and Pearson added their own contributions to the details of the Staplehurst accident, so Lindsay has made a discovery that has evaded them ; he has managed to identify, by what mental process I know not, the old lady in the carriage ; she was Ellen's mother, which is certainly new. By such inventions modern biography is written. It is like the nursery game in which each succeeding player has to add something to what the preceding player has said.

Here is what I think is an entirely new contribution to this incident. In a book about Sir Arthur Sullivan written about 1901 by his cousin, B. W. Findon, occurs this passage : " In the summer of 1865 he paid his first visit to Paris, and in one of his letters from Paris he writes : ' We called upon Dickens and then all dined together (the Lehmanns, Dickens and selves) at the Café Brébant, and then went on to the Opéra Comique . . .' " When Lawrence was writing the *Life of Sullivan* in 1899, of which Sir Arthur revised and passed the proofs, he had many conversations with the composer in the course of which Sullivan said with reference to the Paris visit : " the particular purpose of our visit was to hear Madame Viardot in Gluck's *Orfeo* . . . Chorley, Dickens and I went together . . . I went about a good deal with Dickens. He rushed about tremendously all the time and I was often with him . . . Of course he was much my senior [Sullivan was only 23 and Dickens was 30 years older] but I have never met anyone whom

I have liked better . . . it was on his return from Paris on this occasion that the train accident occurred alluded to in Forster's biography. Dickens told me that he did not feel anything till he got back to London, then he felt quite shattered and broken up, and Dickens added : ' I felt I should never be able to go in the railway train again and that I must take some measure to fight against my own nervous weakness.' The next day, or the day after, he went to Paris and back again over the same ground. If he had not faced the trouble in this way he thought that his travelling days on the railway were over. As it was he never got over it completely." If Sullivan's memory was not playing him false, I am wondering what became of Ellen Ternan and her mother in Paris (supposing the guesses of the later biographers to be well founded) while Dickens was rushing about and dining out with Sullivan and his friends. I must leave the matter, however, to pursue my theme.

Lord Elton has truly said that, " Authors usually write about what interests them most," and the latest lives of Dickens seem to me, although it may be only to me, that each of them has his own interest in view, if not in sight, all the time, and uses Dickens as what the old-time temperance orators called the " awful example ". Wright went " sniffing-out "—Mr. Lindsay's word—unsavoury scandal ; Kingsmill was interested in Self-Pity ; Pearson can think of little else than play-acting and frustrated sensual desire ; and Lindsay is Freudian first and last ; and each of them makes use of Dickens and his writings to furnish the necessary illustrations. The final result is to present for our inspection a composite monstrous figure that is quite incredible as a human being. As the visitor to the Zoological Gardens said when he first saw a giraffe, " I don't believe it." Do their separate conclusions when combined into one conception realise the real Dickens that his numerous friends and intimates saw in the man who was so sought after in his life-time ; the man with whom they mixed day by day in all kinds of circumstances ; the man who could always be depended upon as the most potent pleader for charities ? The answer to those questions must be found by each student for himself. Each of the four latest biographers says in so many words that he loves Dickens and his works and yet the matters on which they all lay stress, each after his manner and according to his own choice of view, are such as attract, in George Sampson's pungent phrase, " chiefly those whose interest in literature is unliterary."

It does seem to me more than a pity that the ethics of biography have undergone such a change during the last half-century. May I quote from Thomas Love Peacock's *Memoirs of Shelley*, published in 1858 in Fraser's Magazine ? " The appetite for gossip about notorieties being once created in the reading public, there will always be found persons to minister to it . . . No man is bound to write the life of another. No man who does so is bound to tell the public all he knows. On the contrary he is bound to keep to himself whatever may injure the interests or hurt the feelings of the living, especially when the latter have in no way injured or calumniated the dead . . . neither if there be in the life of the subject of the biography any event which he himself would willingly have blotted from the tablet of his own memory, can it be the duty of a survivor to drag it into daylight . . . As there is no moral compulsion to speak of the matter at all, it is better to let the whole story slumber in silence."

These recent biographies have sought to find that Dickens had some special motive-force behind the creation of his characters and stories. They have credited him with all kinds of urges for which I, and I am sure very many others, can find no foundation, even after a long life of reading and re-reading his writings.

Dickens did not subscribe to any particular doctrines. He did not attach himself to any particular group of thinkers and remained always markedly independent in his mental attitude. He was inspired by a broad and all-embracing humanitarianism, putting "no faith in any man's narrow construction"—his own words; inspired by a wish to arouse in his readers a feeling that all was not well with the world, and that it could be made better than it was, but he had no special recipe for its betterment. He was not a revolutionary nor a reformer in the revolutionary sense, but he was acutely conscious that there were many social evils that could be removed, and he was the implacable enemy of humbug, selfishness, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. He wanted those endowed with this world's goods to help those less well endowed, even as the poor helped one another, and all the improvements for which he wrote and worked could, he thought, be realised if only the populace could be induced to carry out the full implications of Our Saviour's injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It has been said that in portraying life Thackeray sneered, George Eliot preached, but that Dickens loved, and it is this love of his fellow-men in Dickens that all his recent biographers have missed.

I have brought my survey up to the present time and I expect that my object in recalling so much of what is common knowledge is causing some speculation. It is to plead for a cessation of biographies written by those whose interest in literature is unliterary; to plead for an entirely new Biography; a Biography in the old grand manner; a Biography on the lines of the great biographies of the past; a Biography not confined to the investigations of a narrow outlook. A Biography shewing Charles Dickens as a whole—a unified conception like a well-designed Roman pavement; not a jumble of desiccated bits like a mosaic in which the different coloured tesserae are mixed up higgledy-piggledy without any design at all.

It can be done; it ought to be done; and the world, anxiously I hope, awaits it; and certainly the world will be the better and the wiser for it. It should not be undertaken lightly or wantonly, but soberly, discreetly, and with a sense of biographical, literary, and national responsibility. It must present a living portrait of the genius—the unique genius—that developed from the early attempt of *Misnar, the Sultan of India* to the unsolvable *Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

ANOTHER RADIO SERIAL FROM DICKENS

THE serial broadcast of *Our Mutual Friend*, the last episode of which was given on New Year's Eve, came as rather a disappointment after the brilliant result achieved by the same adapters, Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg, in the dramatisations of *Bleak House* and *Great Expectations*. One of the reasons for this is, of course, that, in spite of its unity of conception, which a distinguished French critic found so striking, the plot of *Our Mutual Friend* is extremely difficult and complex. In this broadcast, attention was necessarily concentrated on the plot, leaving out half of the characterisation which distinguishes the book. There was, *faute de mieux*, no Podsnap, no Veneering, no Twemlow, no Lammle, no Fledgeby, no Tippins. Even so, the dramatisers seemed to come off worst in their tussle with the story. And we missed the magnificent acting which was such an inspiration in the *Great Expectations* broadcast—as, indeed, it is in

so many other B.B.C. plays. A Dickens broadcast, it has seemed to me in the past, is most successful when it tells the listener some of the things he has overlooked in the book.

Apart from a brilliant Bella (Victoria Hopper), an out-standing Rumty Wilfer (Richard Hurndall) and an excellent Lavinia (Jenny Lovelace), the readings did scant justice to the original. Mrs. Wilfer seemed to have got mixed up with Mrs. Crummles, who was, of course, an actress. John Harmon would hardly be classed as one of Richard Attenborough's best performances. Mr. Attenborough had the additional handicap of being, as narrator, turned into the virtual author of the story—well and almost monotonously to the fore as narrator, if not eye-witness, of events of which he can have known little or nothing. Lizzie and Eugene showed little sign of being two of the great characters in world fiction. *Our Mutual Friend* is a great, a profound book—eminent critics have been known to call it Dickens's greatest—but I fear the impression left by the broadcast upon any "non-Dickens enthusiasts," if such there be among B.B.C. listeners, would be one of modified chaos. We others—by far the greater number among the listening millions—smile indulgently, recognise difficulties, and give thanks for even an indifferent Dickens broadcast, while hoping for a better one later—one, may I add, which will more nearly reflect what Professor Chartier has so well termed Dickens's "unrivalled power to interest."

If the plot of *Our Mutual Friend* is profuse and difficult, that of *A Christmas Carol* (broadcast on Christmas Eve) is simple and direct. Here was the B.B.C.'s opportunity, and it was well and duly seized. At 2-35 p.m. Scrooge was growling against the lunacy of Christmas, and at 3 sharp concluding with the famous Yuletide benediction—a lightning transformation doing full justice to the B.B.C.'s economy of effort. We seem to have noticed that most of the other items broadcast that day, with the possible exception of the 6 o'clock news, lasted well over the half-hour. Is half an hour the B.B.C.'s estimate of the value of *A Christmas Carol*?

Sir Ernest Wild once said that Dickens sent a message of good will to the English-speaking world. "English-speaking" was perhaps an oversight. Certainly I imagine there are few of the many countries in which Dickens's *Christmas Carol* is read and loved in translation which would not have spared more than half an hour for a broadcast of the little English classic.

Sir Ernest also said dreadful things about people who did not like Dickens—but we had better not go into that now.

Alec Guinness's Scrooge deserves a word to itself. Opinion upon it, I gather, is not likely to be unanimous. Personally, as soon as I realised the severe handicap, I found it admirable. This was not the fantastic and even grotesque character we have learned to love in some earlier readings; it was the man himself, melancholy, restrained and hard, with a sincerity and restraint (so unlike a toastmaster) perfectly presenting the last five words of the play. Those who, possibly losing patience with the tempo of the broadcast, did not wait for those final words, missed the seal of a rendering which in other circumstances might have been more than distinguished. Dickens often has such phrases as the one referred to; just a few simple words, often monosyllables, which move us intensely. There are several in *Our Mutual Friend*: the last words about Betty Higden—which in the broadcast lost their effect by being placed in the mouth of Lizzie; those four words after Eugene's marriage—repeated in the book and omitted in the broadcast. Sincerity is their secret; and sincerity I found was the keynote of Guinness's Scrooge.

F.G.

A LOST SENTENCE IN *DOMBEY AND SON*

By Kathleen Tillotson

NEAR the end of Chapter 59, "Retribution" (the second chapter of the final double number), and just after the great reconciliation scene between Florence and her father and their departure together, occurs this passage:

> Then, Miss Tox and Polly came out of their concealment, and exulted tearfully . . . And then they took a last cup of tea in the lonely house.
>
> "And so Dombey and Son, as I observed upon a certain sad occasion," said Miss Tox, winding up a host of recollections, "is indeed a daughter, Polly, after all."

What was this "certain sad occasion"? Most readers of the novel will not recall hearing this pointed observation before, and may simply assume that it was one that went unrecorded, to be recollected by Miss Tox and Polly alone. Yet this would be unlike Dickens; the comment is not only neat and trenchant, but, at a significant moment, underlines the main theme of the book. Besides, Dickens is fond of the effect of repetition from a distance, and has made good use of it earlier in this very chapter.* And in fact the sad occasion *is* recorded in the earliest editions, and Miss Tox's remark is not only more moving from its repetition, but, in its original placing, an essential link in the continuity of action. It occurs at the very end of the famous Fifth Number (Ch. 16), after the death of Paul Dombey. The well-known sentences about the "old, old fashion—Death" and "the older fashion yet, of Immortality," conclude with:

> And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

> "Dear me, dear me! To think," said Miss Tox, bursting out afresh that night, as if her heart were broken, "that Dombey and Son should be a daughter after all!"

The text so stands, always with the line marking off Miss Tox's comments from what precedes, in the first edition and its re-issues, and in the cheap edition of 1858. But in 1859 (2 vols. Library edition, Bradbury & Evans and Chapman & Hall) Miss Tox's remark disappears. If the absence of any "standard" edition with full textual apparatus persists, it will presumably remain (for the vast majority of readers who do not possess or consult early editions)† a "lost sentence." I shall presently give my reasons for thinking the loss unfortunate.

If, as seems most probable, the change was deliberate, can we discern Dickens's motive? The context may suggest why this particular sentence should be removed. The emphatic line drawn between it and the previous short paragraph admits a change of attitude; from death we turn to life; from pure pathos and religious sentiment to tragi-comedy, irony, narrative suspense; from lyrical prose to a sentence with the sting of epigram, like the rhymed couplet closing a scene of Shakespeare's. One can easily imagine Dickens impulsively deciding that he wished the chapter to end without such a modulation. And such a decision can be respected. I had better admit at once to an old-fashioned admiration of the whole chapter; I know that pathos dates even more than humour, but this seems to me to retain an appeal quite independent of "period." I think its pathos inferior only, in this novel, to Chapter 14, "Paul goes home for the holidays"; and

* "a ruin . . . and the rats fly from it," echoed from Ch. 23; and "Let him remember it in that room, years to come!" from Ch. 18.

† Or the reprint of the first edition (Macmillan, 1892, in the twenty-volume edition with introductions by Charles Dickens, Jr. (This has long been out of print).

given the subject, I do not see how it could be improved. Whether the subject is matter for fictional treatment at all is another and much larger question. But this is by the way.

There is, I think, a reason why Dickens might have made this decision just at that time, in 1858-9. It was in 1858 that he began his professional readings, in which, from June 10th onwards, he included "Little Dombey."* The climax and conclusion of this reading is the death of Paul; since Florence's sad position as the sorrowing unwanted daughter calls for no emphasis, the sentence naturally disappears from the reading version.

The experience of reading "Little Dombey" to responsive audiences ("it is our greatest triumph everywhere") may well have re-impressed upon Dickens the beauty of its pathos, its singleness of tone, its concentration upon the dying child's vision, the simple piety of its conclusion; even to an extent that made him feel this alloyed and disturbed by the "turn" given in the printed text by Miss Tox's choric commentary.

But if he did deliberately remove the last sentence in the Library edition, for whatever reason, I believe he was mistaken, and also untrue to his own initial view of the novel. In the letter to Forster sent with the MS. of the first four chapters,† outlining the design of the whole he had already had this conclusion in mind:

> The death of the boy is a death-blow, of course, to all the father's schemes and cherished hopes; and "Dombey and Son," as Miss Tox will say at the end of the number, "is a Daughter after all."

When he drew up the Number-plan for the fifth part, he noted this conclusion for the chapter;

> "And so," said Miss Tox, drying her eyes, "Dombey and Son's a daughter after all!"‡

(It will be noted how this is improved in the text of the first edition.)

The first note under the left-hand "Mems" in the Number-plan for Part VI is:

> Great point of the No to throw the interest of Paul, *at once on Florence.*

and this concern is echoed in the letters of 7th and 10th February 1847. By Miss Tox's words at the end of Part V, this "throwing" of the interest is anticipated.§ (As often, the sentence which closes a monthly part is designed to reverberate in the reader's imagination and whet his desire to see what is to follow four weeks later).

When the novel is seen as a whole—and as Dickens himself saw and foresaw it—the exquisite rightness of this "lost" sentence, as a ray of light illuminating the very heart of the novel, must admit of no dispute. It innocently sums up the conflict past and to come; and that Miss Tox should recall and repeat it at the very moment when those conflicts are at last resolved, is an essential part of the pattern of this magnificently designed novel.

* See Walter Dexter, "Mr. Charles Dickens will read—," *The Dickensian*, Vol. XXXVII, No. 259, 1941.

† Forster, Book VI, Ch. 2; letter of 25 July 1846. The novel began to appear in the following October; "no other line" of it "had at this time been placed on paper."

‡ Right-hand notes: I am indebted to Professor John Butt for the loan of his rotographs of the MS. Number-plans, from the Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and for the benefit of his advice.

§ And there is a surely calculated echo of the close of Part I (Ch. 4), where Walter Gay amends the toast proposed by his uncle:

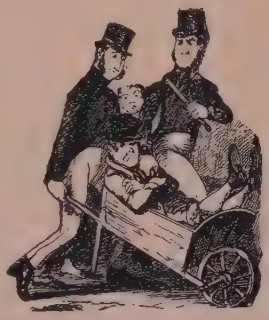
> "So here's to Dombey—and Son—and Daughter!"

FIRST AND LAST

By J. H. McNulty

IT was a happy thought to bring together as Books for the year's Study *The Sketches by Boz* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the first and the last, the beginning and the end of the literary life of Dickens.

It was a short life of thirty-seven years, 1833 to 1870, but what it contains is immense, almost a miracle of activity and achievement; more than a dozen novels, each a masterpiece, a number of short stories, an enormous amount of miscellaneous writing, thousands of letters, and readings from the novels given with intense dramatic feeling, and as if to fill in the intervals of idleness, play producing and acting—that is the record. To say that Dickens burnt the candle at both ends is an understatement. It would be nearer the truth to say that he cut the candle of life into a dozen pieces and burnt each piece with eager hands and feverish energy.



The first section of *The Sketches by Boz* is entitled "Our Parish" and opens with the sentence, "How much is conveyed in those two short words 'The Parish'." Yes, how much misery, and what horror in the words "The House." Dickens exaggerates nothing here and appears, indeed, to minimise the horror of these things, he emphasises rather the solemnity and dignity of the Beadle and other petty parochial officials. We know what he really thought of these people but the time of the great attack was not yet.

In *The Curate* there is a priceless description of one who "parted his hair in the centre of his forehead in the form of a Norman arch, wore a brilliant of the first water on the fourth finger of his left hand, which he always applied to his left cheek when he read prayers and had a deep sepulchral voice when of unusual solemnity." Note the beautiful phrase describing cheap and pretentious jewellery "a brilliant of the first water." The section of the book called "Scenes" opens with a description of the streets of London by day. It gives a vivid picture of a tired City waking up to a new day. The picture of the streets by night is even more depressing and gloomy, and contains the saddest of all sights a woman with an infant singing for alms. "That wretched woman with the infant in her arms, round whose meagre form the remnant of her own scanty shawl is carefully wrapped, has been attempting to sing some popular ballad in the hope of wringing a few pence from the compassionate passer by. A brutal laugh at her weak voice is all she has gained. The tears fall thick and fast down her own pale face; the child is cold and hungry, and its low half-stifled wailing adds to the misery of its wretched mother, as she moans aloud, and sinks despairingly down on the cold doorstep." Many readers can remember such sights in London's streets and elsewhere. But it is not all gloom, in the suburbs there is the cheerful sound of the muffin bell and the arrival of that perfect tea-time delicacy. And later on in the city, parties returning from different theatres are consuming "chops, kidneys, rabbits, oysters, stout, cigars and 'goes' innumerable," [of spirits].

London as described in the Sketches does not look a cheerful place, yet Dickens writes "What inexhaustible food for speculation do the streets of London afford. We never were able to agree with Sterne in pitying the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all

was barren ; we have not the slightest commiseration for the man wh can take up his hat and stick and walk from Covent Garden to St Paul's Churchyard, and back into the bargain without deriving som amusement, we had almost said instruction, from his perambulation. Thus he finds amusement in the "Private Theatres," where donkey are charged various sums for permission to exhibit their lamentabl ignorance and boobyism on the stage."

"The First of May" brings a breath from the country and end with the regret, "How has May Day decayed."

"The last Cab driver and the first Omnibus cad" is a light-hearte sketch of traffic conditions including an accident, a very trivial affai in those days."

From these comparatively cheerful scenes Dickens descends to th depths, and ends with visits to a Pawnshop, the Criminal Courts an Newgate. The last is a scene of great horror, but a footnote speaks o considerable improvements that have been made since the publicatio of the sketch. The scene in the Condemned Cell is powerful, vivid, an unforgettable.

Dickens's lifelong love of Christmas is shown in *A Christmas Dinne* with its excellent advice "There are people who will tell you tha Christmas is not to them what it used to be ; that each succeedin Christmas has found some cherished hope, or happy prospect, of th year before, dimmed or passed away ; that the present only serves t remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of th feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks tha meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dism reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough i the world, who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five fo your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire— fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smalle than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glasses be filled with reekin punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter." Excellent advice indeed ! Reeking punch to-day would be no hardship but rather a luxury.

In *Thoughts about People* there is deep pathos in the description o Mr. Smith, one of the unknown and unnoticed people who live and die in London not unforgotten because they have never bee remembered. "Poor, harmless creatures such men are ; contented but not happy ; broken-spirited and humbled, they may feel no pain, but they never know pleasure."

Here is seen all the tenderness of Dickens for those who fail and whose lives have never been touched with triumph or success, those of whom Jeremy Taylor wrote "There goes another faithful failure."

The squalor of London, the hideous streets, and the tragic lot of the poor make many of these sketches gloomy and unhappy reading. "Laughter, however, will keep breaking in," as Dr. Johnson's friend the would-be philosopher complained, and Dickens does his best to lighten the gloom ; still it persists and some readers will feel relief at coming to The Tales, for these are delightful with many touches of the mature Dickens. Some of them might be almost episodes from the Novels, with hints of some of the famous characters of the future. In *The Boarding House*, the suppressed husband of Mrs. Tibbs suggests Rumpty Wilfer. Mrs. Tibbs was always talking, Mr. Tibbs rarely spoke. He had one story, he often attempted to tell it. He began it but was never allowed to finish it.

Nicodemus Dumps in *A Bloomsbury Christening*" might have been a near relation to Scrooge. There is a family likeness. "He was afflicted (lovely word) with a situation in the Bank," so his business

must have been more respectable than that carried on by Scrooge and Marley. Persuaded against his will and judgment to be godfather to his nephew's infant son, he behaves well and does what is expected of him. He buys his godson " a handsome silver mug with the customary untrained grape-vine-looking flourishes." Unfortunately it was stolen on his journey to his nephew's house, still his intention was good. Dumps was a good speaker, and his speech at the evening party was of such a tragic nature that the ladies were dissolved in tears, and Mrs. Kitterbell, the mother, went into hysterics. The speech was probably much enjoyed, for our Victorian ancestors enjoyed a good cry. Dumps's favourite Biblical character was King Herod, and if he hated one thing more than another, it was a child. *The Tuggses at Ramsgate* is a lively story of a family, trying not too successfully to be very genteel. Mr. Tuggs comes into a fortune, whereupon Miss Tuggs alters her name from Charlotte to Charlotta and his son Simon changes his to Cymon.

It contains what looks like the first Wellerism, before the appearance of Sam himself. A group of fourteen men were offering their services to take the party round the town to look for lodgings, and one of them recommended his horse in these words " Nice light fly and a fast trotter, sir, fourteen mile a hour, and surroundin' objects rendered inwisible by extreme welocity."

Captain Waters, a great friend of the Tuggs family, gives the perfect excuse for genteel holiday makers who exceed, however slightly, the bounds of genteel hilarity. The Captain said " It didn't matter ; who knew what they were ? For all the people at the house knew, they might be common people."

The book labours under one great disadvantage. Many of its readers are probably familiar with the great novels, and after such reading almost any book might seem an anticlimax.

It is, however, a book of great promise and on a limited scale perhaps, a great achievement.

So much for the sunrise ; let us turn to the sunset novel *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, a sunset which looks like a new dawn. Never has a last book been so full of promise, a last novel which showed an author seeking new territory to conquer after a life of victories, a mystery which remains a mystery for all time, for which there are so many solutions that we may have discovered the true one, but as we shall never know which it is the mystery remains.

All must regret the early death of Dickens and all the books we have lost by that early death, yet it is certain that the unfinished novel has given more pleasure than the finished volume could have done. If we can imagine Dickens returning and telling us how the tale does end, it is doubtful whether the would-be finishers would agree with the author. Othello's occupation would be gone. Those who are most certain of the truth of their solution of the mystery should remember that, if *Bleak House* was unfinished and had stopped just after the murder of Tulkinghorn everyone would have believed that Lady Dedlock was the murderess, and everyone would have been wrong. There are two questions ; " Is Drood dead ?" and " Who is Datchery?" To these questions there are many answers, and to every answer there are objections. Some good critics have believed that Drood is dead, but this opinion is, I think, disappearing, and the arguments against it are convincing. Drood is the hero, if only the nominal hero, and the hero never dies, or only at the end or very near the end of the novel, and it is known that we have only about a half of the book. If Drood is dead it is rather a poor story, such as Dickens might have written in his decline. Dickens, however, was not in his decline, he was at the height of his powers, and the creation of Sapsea, Honeythunder and

the Billickin proves this. That Jasper intended to kill his nephew and thought that he had done so, is clear, but Jasper's strang seizures provide a loophole for the escape of the victim. Jaspe would thus be morally guilty of murder, though his victim would b still alive. This is, I think, the favourite theory to-day, and the best It was the solution chosen at the Trial of John Jasper for the murde of his nephew Edwin Drood staged by the Dickens Fellowship man years ago, in which nearly all the literary genius of London took part including Bernard Shaw, the two Chestertons and many others.

We have it is believed, less than half of the book and though this i not enough to solve the mystery or guess the right conclusion of th story, it is enough to judge its quality. First of all " the purest Jackas in Cloisterham is Mr. Thomas Sapsea ". He is one of the greatest, th most preposterous, pretentious, conceited creations of Dickens. H quotes proverbs as if they were his own invention, he made the famou epitaph on his wife's tomb a piece of self-glorification, and make himself ridiculous on every occasion. He is a perfect fool, but is no a lovable fool like Toots or Mr. Dick, his self-admiration and im portance, and conceit prevent that. His wife formerly Miss Brobit must have been as big a fool if we can trust Sapsea's account of her for her usual mode of address to him was, " O Thou " ; to quote th epitaph is unnecessary for it is known to all. Jasper for some dar reason of his own professed to admire it, but Durdles, the stonemason a far wiser person, treats it and the author as they deserve.

When the Epitaph is shown to Jasper, Sapsea asks, " You approv Sir ? " " Impossible not to approve. Striking, characteristic, ar complete," replies the choirmaster, but when it is shown to Durdles he does is to take his two-foot ruler and measure the lines calml " It'll come to a eighth of a inch." This cold, calm, comment on th masterpiece is not to Sapsea's taste, but it shows Durdles's rightf appreciation of the epitaph.

Honeythunder the professional philanthropist is a thoroughl detestable character, not as sinister as Jasper and that is the best tha can be said for him. His chief use is to give Dickens a chance o expressing what he felt concerning a race of busybodies with loud an empty professions of good will, mixed with the fussiness of conductin public meetings. His readiness to condemn Neville Landless withou proof gives Mr. Crisparkle, the Minor Canon, a chance of saying wha he thinks of him, in an interview where the Canon shines and Honey thunder is seen at his worst. He will probably disappear from th story, for he is not likely to have any part in clearing up of the mystery The creation of the Billickin is a masterpiece. She has a passion fo truth and shows it by recounting all the lies she might, but will not tell us. Miss Twinkleton speaks from a high moral eminence, in carefully chosen words which suggest the addition " My good woman," while the Billickin speaks as only she can. When the contestants are no longer on speaking terms the quarrel is continued through the medium of Rosa Bud. The quarrel is one of the greatest things in Dickens, equal to, but quite different from, the famous one between Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig. There are many famous quarrels in Literature, they are usually of great excellence, and this has no superior and few equals.

What part these people would take in the complete story we cannot tell, but there are others who are obviously intended to do so.

The much-threatened Drood is interesting on account of the un certainty of his fate. The sinister Jasper who divides his time between singing in the Cathedral, dreaming of murdering his nephew whom he professes to love, and smoking opium awakens our curiosity by making us wonder how he will be brought to justice. Rosa Bud promises to

be one of the most pleasant of the heroines of Dickens, her future seems fairly clear, she will probably marry Tartar. The Minor Canon is the best picture of a clergyman Dickens ever drew. His pretence that he cannot read without glasses so that his mother, the China Shepherdess may boast of her keen sight, and her ability to read without help is charming. Mr. Grewgious is one of those bachelors whom Dickens loved, an angular man without, so he thinks, any imagination, and a humble man, too, for he thinks himself inferior to his confidential clerk Bazzard because he has written a play, a thing Grewgious could never do. The reader may wonder what *The Thorn of Anxiety* was like and what was its subject. Perhaps someday a much-daring Dickensian will attempt to write it. Bazzard is a man of great possibilities, but we know very little about him, and can guess many things of his future. Lastly there is the mystery man Datchery. He has a pretty wit and his conversation resembles that of no other character. He closes the story and the final words are a fitting ending. Mrs. Tope brings in his breakfast, he has already attended service in the Cathedral and is hungry. " He falls to with an appetite," and so would we, for our appetite is as keen as his, but it will never be satisfied, for alas! there is no more.

In the first novel of Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*, there is no plot and in most of the others the plot is of secondary importance, but here where it is all-important we can never know what it is. In one sense the unfinished novel is the most finished of all because of the numerous attempts to finish it, but as no conclusion has been accepted as correct, or is ever likely to be, the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* remains unfinished and thus takes its place among the other unfinished masterpieces of the world. The large number of these proves the truth of the paradox, " The best way to finish a work of art is to leave it unfinished."

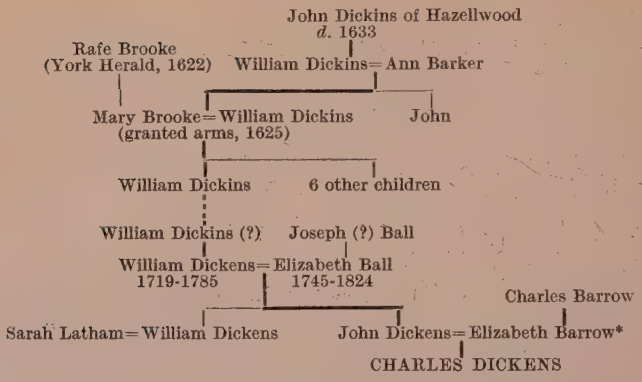
Look at this distinguished gathering. Meredith's unfinished novel *Celt and Saxon*, Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*, Chaucer's *The Squyeres Tale*, and if we trespass into the sister art of Music, we find the most popular classic is Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. Virgil, on his deathbed, asked that the *Aeneid* should be destroyed because of its unfinished state, and indeed, there are several broken and unfinished lines. Modern criticism has found an added beauty and pathos in these unfinished lines. For us there is something of similar pathos in Dickens's unfinished masterpiece. Longfellow said of it, " It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all."

Looking through the long list of his books we see how Dickens attacked one great evil after another, but not in this his last book; it is as if he foresaw that his work was done, that " life's fitful fever " was over, and some lines from *Cymbeline* come to mind, lines of farewell with a touch of prophecy.

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
. . . . . .
quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave."

DICKENS'S ANCESTRY

1.—Paternal Line



*See opposite page.

These genealogical tables are constructed from the material contained in articles by the Editor in *The Dickensian*, 1949, pages 64-73 and 179-188, and by Mr. W. J. Carlton in *The Dickensian*, 1950, pages 33-36, collated with other sources. Many details to be found in these articles, as well as the brothers and sisters of Charles Dickens, are omitted in order to secure clarity. The tables include the names of many persons referred to in biographies of Dickens as well as in his writings, especially in his Letters.

It will be noticed that in the paternal descent there is a connexion not yet fully established; on this matter the Editor's articles should be carefully read, pages 72-73; there is also a similar break in the line of descent of George Cattermole's wife Clarissa, Dickens's "fair cousin"; for this see the Editor's article, page 185.

T. W. Hill.

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

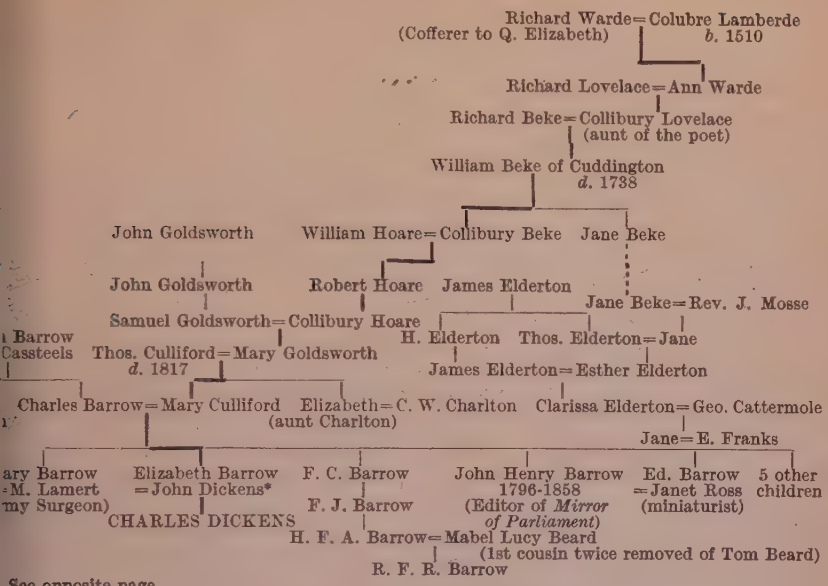
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Branch.	£	s.	d.	*Branch Total to date.* £	s.	d.
Auckland	3	8	0	5	10	0
Bath—sale of books	0	5	0			
W. J. Hone	0	1	8			
	0	6	8	29	2	11
Blackburn	2	10	0			
Mrs. Astley Walsh	0	5	0			
Mrs. Donkin	0	5	0			
Mrs. Robinson	0	5	0			
Mrs. Robinson	0	5	0			
Miss M. Fell	0	5	0			
	3	10	0	85	10	0
East Bay	0	13	0	0	13	0
Los Angeles	5	0	0	17	10	0
Rugby—Mrs. Hudson Whist Drive	2	4	0	19	8	6
Madison	18	8	7	51	14	0
Maryville	2	2	0	8	10	11
Melbourne	12	0	0	17	15	0
Nottingham—Mrs. Giles Lecture	2	2	0	236	18	0
Palos Verdes	5	13	0	13	13	0
Preston—Raffle	20	0	0	36	11	6
Rochester	12	0	0	103	12	6
Southend—Mr. J. Greaves and Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh's recitals	2	2	0	159	7	0

Continued on lower part of opposite page.

DICKENS'S ANCESTRY

2.—MATERNAL LINE



See opposite page.

HEADQUARTERS

Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh—Recital: *A Christmas Carol* ...			110	18	6
Dickens Fellowship Costume Department			100	0	0
Bring and Buy Sale			53	5	0
Sale of Books			20	0	0
Mr. Leslie C. Staples—*In Memoriam*: Alain, Comte de Suzannet			10	10	0
Mr. John Greaves—recitals			7	8	8
Christmas Party:					
Carollers	1	11 0			
Mrs. Johnson	5	10 0			
			7	1	0
Miss Greatwood and Miss Minards—Whist Drive			5	7	0
Mrs. Brumfitt			5	0	0
Mr. W. A. MacGregor—Lecture			3	3	0
Mr. Frank S. Johnson—Recitals			2	16	6
Mrs. Minards and Miss E. Jones—Needlebooks			2	2	0
Whisky Raffle			2	0	0
Mrs. G. A. Johnson			1	8	0
Mrs. J. Bacon—Loan of sketch to Portsmouth Branch ...			1	2	6
Mr. H. Benn			1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Chadfield			1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Hill			1	1	0
Mr. James McCurrach			0	14	6
Miss B. Beagley			0	8	0
Miss L. E. Rix			0	4	6
Mr. Richard E. Reed			0	4	0

Headquarters total since institution of Targets. £1,313 15s. 6*d.*

Total of Fund to date; £6,133 8*s.* 7*d.*

THE FELLOWSHIP IN RETROSPECT

THE MIDDLE YEARS

By A. W. Edwards

Continued from page 27.

HEADQUARTERS

The record of offices occupied by the Fellowship during the firs half of its life is reminiscent of the numerous moves made by Dicken himself, until he finally realised the ambition of his younger days and took Gads Hill Place.

Some improvement in the financial position by about 1909 wa due in great measure to the fact that for twelve months, owing to the generosity of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the Fellowship had not ha to pay any rent for the meetings of the Council at their premises a 11 Henrietta Street. The Council was indeed doing all in its powe to effect economies and to rid itself of debt. Finding itself at las in a position to give up the use of the rooms so kindly placed at thei disposal by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, an office was secured early in 191 at 13 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, but the Council left Henrietta Street wit some regret.

These comfortable quarters were not enjoyed for long, howeve and formal notice to quit was received after only three months occ pancy, as the premises were about to be demolished. New accomm dation was found at 33 Craven Street, Strand, a district abounding i Dickensian associations, and Headquarters was transferred there i March, 1911. Here the Fellowship remained until April, 1914, whe yet another move had to be made this time to Whitehall House, 3 Charing Cross. War stepped in soon after, and although we retaine our premises in Charing Cross for two years in December, 1915, Whiteha House was taken over by the War Office and the Fellowship had t seek yet another new home very hurriedly; this was found at 1 Clifford's Inn, E.C., which remained our Headquarters until the Dicken House was acquired in 1925, and we moved to what we hope will b our permanent "home."

OBJECTS

(*a*) Preservation of Buildings

From 1905 onwards an Annual pilgrimage had been made to various towns, Portsmouth, Bath, Chatham, Rochester, etc., and at one o these visits to Broadstairs in 1908, tablets were unveiled on various houses occupied by Dickens—so many in fact that some local wit was constrained to label his house "Dickens did not live here."

In 1910 the attention of the Council was drawn by a letter from Miss Marie Corelli (one of the Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship), to a proposal put forward by the *Harvard House Gazette* published in Stratford-on-Avon to secure and preserve the house in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields known as "The Old Curiosity Shop" and bearing on its façade the legend "Immortalised by Charles Dickens." Two thousand pounds was required to save it, half of which sum had been guaranteed. Mr. Matz replied that there was no foundation for the assertion that the house referred to was "The Old Curiosity Shop" of the novel. The Council endorsed that view and of course would not associate itself with the proposal in any way. This caused considerable Press comment and the upshot was that the promoters, apparently becoming convinced that its claim could not be substantiated, dropped the scheme.

A real opportunity of giving effect to one of the aims and objects of the Fellowship " to assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his name and mentioned in his works " offered itself a little later in connection with 13 Johnson Street, Somers Town, a house in which Dickens lived as a boy from 1825 to 1829. On the suggestion of the Council, the L.C.C. affixed to the house one of its memorial plaques. This little house became, in 1921, The David Copperfield Library for Children, and was demolished in 1932 in connexion with building improvements. The site is now covered by a block of residential flats named Cranleigh Buildings, and Johnson Street has become Cranleigh Street.

This object of the Fellowship was again furthered in the following year when Dickens's reputed Honeymoon Cottage at Chalk was decorated with a plaque, made and presented by Percy Fitzgerald. The unveiling ceremony was performed by the Mayor of Gravesend.

Many years later in 1924 the President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge unveiled tablets on behalf of the Fellowship on 247 Hampstead Road, where Dickens went to school in 1824, the original of Wellington House Academy (*David Copperfield*) and on part of the hospital wall in Bayham Street, Camden Town, where Dickens lived as a boy. It was at the instigation of the Fellowship that the Birthplace at Portsmouth was purchased in 1904 by the Corporation and has ever since been a Dickens Museum. In such ways the Fellowship all through its history has endeavoured to preserve houses associated with his name.

(*b*) Charitable Work

An ambitious scheme for the establishment of a convalescent home had been promulgated in the early days of the Fellowship but its development was very slow, sufficient support was not forthcoming and the scheme was dropped. With the consent of the subscribers however, the money that had been collected was transferred to a Cot Fund for the endowment of a cot in Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Home at Alton, Hants. Alderman Sir William Treloar explained that it would be impossible to found a cot for less than £1,000 or a payment of 35 guineas per annum but if a payment were made on account of £1,000 a cot would be nominated at once. It was therefore resolved that the £156 standing to the credit of the Cot Fund should be raised to £250 and handed over to the Trustees of the Home and an annual subscription should be paid for a Cot labelled " The Dickens Fellowship Cot " forever. An appeal was launched which resulted in £500 being handed over and on Founders Day, May 20th, 1911, the Dickens Fellowship cot was duly dedicated.

The Unveiling ceremony devolved upon Mrs. Dickens in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., the life President of the Fellowship. From that time an annual contribution of £5 5s. 0d. —subsequently raised in 1914 to £15 15s. 0d.—has been paid by the Fellowship for the upkeep of the Cot.

The third aim of the Fellowship " To take such measures as may be expedient to remedy social evils " has always occupied a large portion of our attention. During the course of its history a worthy response has been forthcoming in pursuance of this object—Charitable Guilds, Jenny Wren Leagues, Little Dorrit Societies and Tiny Tim Funds have been inaugurated. As far back as 1912 a creditable report could be made of 42,617 dinners and teas being provided for poor children, for the lame and blind, and drives into the country, of gifts of toys, bazaars, sales of work and dramatic performances, the proceeds from which had been devoted to charity ; large sums given to hospitals, clothing, linen, coals and food freely distributed where needed. In this way the Fellowship tried to live up to the worthy principles of the man whose name it bore.

In pursuance of this object and further to emphasise the Fellowship action in writing to H. M. Government about the "Blind Aid Bill," the Council in October, 1916, embarked upon an ambitious scheme to have all Dickens's novels produced in Braille type and to work to this end in conjunction with the National Institute for the Blind.

The Fund, started in April, 1917, had by August proved sufficient for the production of *Great Expectations* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* leaving a balance of £3 3s. 0d. which was sent to the Glasgow Dickens Society to help them in their project of providing one book in Braille type for the N.I.B. This was so encouraging that the Council decided to continue the good work; The National Institute for the Blind had now ten of the novels in Braille and it was thought that the Fellowship could supply the rest. Professor William Miles very generously placed his services at the Council's disposal, to give Recitals free of cost, an offer most gratefully accepted and as a result of his unselfish aid, he contributed about £400 towards the total of £1,251 12s. 6d. raised by 1918 to complete the scheme.

In that same year an even more ambitious undertaking was launched, namely a scheme to establish a "Charles Dickens Home" for Soldiers and Sailors, blinded in the war.

A wide-spread appeal was made for funds, and Firms, Prominent People and Public Bodies responded handsomely. The Branches of the Fellowship rose nobly to the occasion and by the end of 1918 £10,000 had been received which enabled the committee to secure the freehold of a suitable house—"Bannow" with its delightful grounds at St. Leonards-on-Sea—and left a balance towards the equipment and endowment of the building. The total sum raised by the Fellowship was £13,590, of which £1,300 was raised by Mr. Bransby Williams, but it was not until 15th November, 1920, that the Home was officially opened by Sir Arthur Pearson. After the close of the war Bannow's usefulness as a home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors gradually lessened and in accordance with the deeds, it passed in 1923, to the National Institute for the Blind and became the Charles Dickens Convalescent Home for physically defective blind persons.

BIRTHDAY CENTENARY

On the approach of the Centenary of Dickens's birth, 1912, *The Strand Magazine* made a very simple yet striking proposal for the issue of a Dickens Testimonial Stamp. The scheme was warmly taken up by the Press all over the English-Speaking world and supported by The Dickens Fellowship and many of the most influential literary celebrities of the day. The stamp was priced at one penny. It was on sale all over the world and the idea was that purchasers should place one in each of their Dickens Books. Over £10,000 was subscribed, and this sum was handed to the five daughters of Charles Dickens the younger on the 100th Anniversary of the novelist's Birthday.

It was arranged that in the Centenary year, Conference should be held in London and elaborate Centenary celebrations were planned. But this programme had to be severely modified owing to the death in America of Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the novelist's son, on January 2nd, and the only event held was a dinner to a thousand poor children in London.

The Dickens Centenary was of course a world-wide affair, and the Fellowship and its branches were able to take full advantage of the opportunities afforded to make itself better known, and to increase its membership and influence.

On the suggestion of the Fellowship the L.C.C. agreed to permit an Essay Competition in their schools and to allow the Fellowship to award prizes for the best essays written by children. Seventy-nine

schools sent in their names and from these the L.C.C. Education Committee selected fifty for the Competition. About 5,000 essays were submitted and the general standard of excellence was so good that the Council of the Fellowship supplemented the prizes with 450 Certificates of Merit. The success of this Competition encouraged the Fellowship to continue the Competition for several years.

To mark the conclusion of the Fellowship's official celebration of the Centenary, mention should be made of the publication of the Memorial Edition of Forster's *Life of Dickens* with 500 portraits, facsimiles and other illustrations, collected and arranged by B. W. Matz.

The late B. W. Matz.

For some time there had been a desire on the part of the Council to celebrate in some fitting manner Mr. Matz's services to the Fellowship.

B. W. Matz was the principal founder of the Fellowship and author of the "aims and objects" for which it exists, and his great personal magnetism kept us closely to those aims when we were inclined to wander. His initiative founded *The Dickensian* and he became its first editor. He guided the magazine through its early difficult years and made it the acknowledged repository of all Dickens lore. He wrote a short *Life of Dickens* for the members of the Fellowship, as well as numerous reliable books and articles on his favourite subject. Through his vision we finally secured Dickens's first London home for our Headquarters and lent for exhibition there his valuable library and collection of Dickensian relics. His devotion to the Fellowship, his firmness of character and essential modesty, combined with a wide and philosophical outlook enabled him to smooth away all difficulties as they arose, and to remain till his death the guide, counsellor, and personal friend of every member.

A complimentary dinner was arranged in his honour and held at Cannon Street Hotel on 20th January, 1913. Mr. Matz was obdurate in his decision not to allow any report of the proceedings to appear in *The Dickensian*. The Council, however, were equally insistent on its inclusion and found a way out of the deadlock by passing a resolution that "Mr. Matz be relieved of his editorial duties for one month" and Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross be invited to undertake the editorship of the February number." The February number was issued with the name

of Mr. Matz omitted from the familiar green cover and a full report of the dinner and the presentation of a handsome canteen of cutlery appeared in its pages.

The year 1914 opened with the " Trial of John Jasper for the Murder of Edwin Drood " on January 7th at The King's Hall, Covent Garden. In the annals of the Fellowship to date no event had created such a world-wide interest, Bernard Shaw, G K. Chesterton and many other famous figures took part.

THE FELLOWSHIP'S COMING OF AGE

The great event in 1923 was the coming of Age of the Fellowship. The difficulties of its youth had been overcome and it was now a robust and healthy society. On October 5th at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, about 300 members assembled to do honour to the occasion, when a presentation was made to Mr. Matz of a miniature of Charles Dickens painted by Mrs. Alan C. Rose, and inscribed " Presented to to B. W. Matz by his friends in The Dickens Fellowship which he founded October, 1902."

At the Birthday Dinner on 7th February, 1923, at The Connaught Rooms the President, Sir Walter Lawrence's speech to The Immortal Memory was broadcast. The result was a gratifying addition to the membership.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

Early in 1922 it had come to the knowledge of the Executive Committee that the freehold of 48 Doughty Street, Dickens's home from 1837-39 could be bought for £1,650. This was the house to which Dickens moved from Furnivals Inn, and where he completed *The Pickwick Papers*, wrote *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* and began *Barnaby Rudge*. Being the only house occupied by Dickens in London which remained structurally unaltered since his day it was most desirable that it should be secured. For years it had been the hope of the Council, inspired by the devotion and patience of B. W. Matz, to acquire for preservation one of Dickens's houses as a shrine and a memorial. Now the opportunity had come and must not be allowed to slip. But there were no funds for the purpose. The Committee decided to attempt the purchase and pledged the Fellowship for £100 and members of the Committee there and then promised various sums ranging from £10 to £50 on loan to the amount of £285. Messrs. Dexter, Matz and Green were commissioned to act and fortunately they secured an option on the Freehold. By the time the Annual Conference was held at Cheltenham they were able to announce that after protracted negotiations the Freehold had been purchased.

During that year it was my privilege to be Chairman of the Executive Committee with a busy season in prospect. The securing of the freehold of 48 Doughty Street involved the question of gaining actual possession of the premises. It was found that in order to secure the freehold we were under obligation to purchase the freehold of the adjoining house No. 49. To do this a large mortgage had to be raised. Both houses were held by a tenant under lease of several years' duration and it involved long and delicate negotiations before a satisfactory agreement could be arrived at. The first business, however, was to launch a campaign for the raising of the necessary funds. Our President, Sir Frederick Macmillan, led off with a donation of £100 and sought to interest the Vice-Presidents and Presidents of Branches with the result that his appeal brought in nearly £500. This was followed by an appeal to Branches and all members and by the end of the Fellowship's year £1,761 9s. 11d. was received. The immediate

sum required was £4,500 and a further £5,000 or £6,000 would be required for an endowment.

Up to this time *The Dickensian* had been published for the Fellowship by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Dickens's original publishers, but it was now decided to transfer the publication to the new firm of Cecil Palmer, Ltd., whose partner was B. W. Matz (the Editor of the magazine), and who had recently severed his long connexion with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to whom he had been Reader for many years. It may be added here that Cecil Palmer continued to be our publisher till April, 1926, when our possession of a permanent home at the Dickens House, Doughty Street, enabled the Fellowship to be its own publisher.

Mr. F. L. Latham, the owner of Gads Hill Place, died in the autumn of 1923, and the property came into the market. It was put up to auction but, failing to reach the reserve, it was represented to the Fellowship that it should treat privately for the purchase. The Council, already with the heavy commitment of the uncompleted purchase of 48 Doughty Street, thought that it ought not to embark on such a big undertaking and, very reluctantly, decided to decline the suggestion; there was also the sentimental consideration that Doughty Street was Dickens's first real home on leaving chambers.

Negotiations between the Fellowship and the leasehold tenant of 48 Doughty Street necessitated the employment of solicitors by both sides. After protracted correspondence it fell by a combination of circumstances to the lot of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green, to deal finally with the matter. The actual purchase and payment of money was made by him so that in October, 1924, No. 48 became vacant and the Fellowship at last obtained possession. Three years had passed since the Fellowship had purchased the freehold of the property. In the following January the President, Mr. Pett Ridge, in consequence of serious illness, had to resign his office and Sir Walter Lawrence, Bt. kindly agreed to act in his stead for the rest of his term. Prior to his breakdown Mr. Pett Ridge had prepared a public appeal for the support of the endowment fund of 48 Doughty Street. This was generously backed by Sir Alfred Louis Bower, Lord Mayor of London. A Press agent was appointed with the result that on 7th February nearly the entire press of Great Britain made the launching of the endowment fund of The Dickens House a matter of news or comment.

Being now in full possession of 48 Doughty Street, The Dickens House (as it was now called) scheme became the chief subject of attention to the Committee. The primary business was to free the house of the mortgage and it was resolved that the mortgage on No. 48 should be transferred to No. 49 thus rendering 48 free from debt. Steps were then taken to prepare the house for occupancy by the Fellowship. The premises were of course *legally* the property of Messrs. Green and Dexter and on behalf of the Fellowship and subscribers to the fund (which now stood at £3,537 12s. 8d.) it was arranged that these gentlemen should be paid out and indemnified for any expenses incurred. But although the Fellowship had purchased the property, it was not, in law, entitled to retain it in its own name. Mr. Percy T. Carden, a member of Council and a Barrister by profession, was authorised to instruct our solicitors to draw up a Deed of Trust by which both houses were to be conveyed by Messrs. Green and Dexter to a body of Trustees; the house was to be preserved in perpetuity for use as a Dickens Library, Museum and Picture Gallery with power to the Trustees to allow Council to have the exclusive occupation of such part as is required for use as Headquarters and offices of the Fellowship. No. 49 was to be treated as an endowment for No. 48. (The legal technicalities are explained by Mr. Carden in *The Dickensian*, 1928, p. 79).

A board of nine Trustees was to consist of a majority representing The Dickens Fellowship with one member to be appointed by the London County Council and one by the Corporation of the City of London. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green, found himself in conflict with the views of the Council on this matter. He was strongly opposed to this arrangement and stood firmly by the original intention that the House should be absolutely under the control and management of the Fellowship and when the Committee agreed to the institution of a Trusteeship, including three different bodies he felt that the only course open to him was to resign and at the March meeting he did so formally. At the earnest request of the President, he consented to carry on until Conference and the appointment of a new Hon. Secretary. Meanwhile steps had been taken to have the house properly cleaned and made ready for occupation. The generous offer of Mr. Matz to lend his valuable collection of Dickensiana to The Dickens House was gratefully accepted and the Fellowship moved in on 1st May, 1925.

Mr. A. W. Edwards.

Tribute must be paid here to the work of Mr. Wm. Miller, who from the inception of the Fellowship until this date had been its Hon. Librarian.

The Conference that year was arranged to extend from Tuesday, 9th June to 13th commencing with the wreath-laying ceremony at Westminster Abbey to be followed by the official opening of The Dickens House for which active preparations were going on apace. Many collectors in the Fellowship offered items on loan for exhibition and at last all was in readiness for the great event. At noon on Tuesday, 9th June, 1925—this red letter day in the annals of the Fellowship, came the fitting climax to the work of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. H. Green, the realisation of the many years' dream of Mr. Matz and the fulfilment of the long-cherished hope of the Fellowship—the opening of The Dickens House to the public. The ceremony was performed by Lord Birkenhead.

In earlier days, namely 1906, the Fellowship had purchased F. G. Kitton's Collection of books on Dickens and as there was no accommodation in the office, had presented it to the City of London to be placed in the Guildhall Library. It was now strongly felt to be desirable that the collection should be transferred to The Dickens House, and negotiations for its return were opened. The Fellowship having made an absolute gift of the collection had no real claim to it, other than the desire to bring all available Dickensiana under one roof, and for a long

time the City Authorities were reluctant to entertain the project. When The Dickens House Trust was formed, with Deputy J. Hicks, Chairman of the Guildhall Library Committee, representing the City of London on the board of Trustees, he became a powerful advocate and the City Corporation was at last won over and gave its consent to the transfer, which eventually took place in January, 1926.

With my appointment as Hon. Secretary in 1925 my contribution to this Retrospect of the Fellowship closes. My eleven years in this office were among the happiest in my life and it has been a great joy to me to go over the records of the past and live again through many of the scenes in which I had some part. The Fellowship has weathered the upheaval of two world wars, naturally suffering some losses, but I am happy to feel that it has emerged with renewed vigour and vitality. Long may it flourish to keep ever green the memory of Charles Dickens.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

A Short History of English Novel by S. D. Neill (chapter on Dickens). Jarrolds, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fanny Kelly of Drury Lane by Basil Francis. Rockliff, 16*s.* (To be reviewed in *The Dickensian* for June.)

From the Black Rocks on Friday by A. H. Reed. Reed, Wellington, N.Z., 5*s.*

"The Personal and Literary Relationships of Dickens and Poe" by Gerald G. Grubb. *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, June, September and December, 1950.

"Charles Dickens and Henry James" by H. Blair Rouse. *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, September, 1950.

"Dickens Loses an Election" by Ada B. Nisbet. *Princeton University Library Chronicle*, Summer, 1950.

"*David Copperfield* from Manuscript to Print" by John Butt. *Review of English Studies*, July, 1950.

"Greenacre to Dickens" by D. L. Drew. *Bulletin of the Faculty of Arts*. Fouad I University [Cairo], VI, IX, Pt. II, December, 1949.

"Dickens's Western Tour and the Cairo Legend" by Gerald G. Grubb. *Studies in Philology*, XLVIII. 1, 1951.

"Mrs. Christian's Reminiscences of Dickens" by J. C. Maxwell. *Review of English Studies*, Jan., 1951.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Costume Department of the Dickens Fellowship desires to express its thanks to Mrs. Pollard of the St. Pancras Branch, for her gift of a dressmaker's dummy, in response to our appeal in the last number.

W. P. FRITH, R.A.

As part of the local celebration of the Festival of Britain, Mr. John Stuffins, F.L.A., Librarian and Curator of the Public Library and Art Gallery of Harrogate, is organising an exhibition of the work of W. P. Frith, who was born at Aldfield near by. In addition Mr. Stuffins has embarked upon the compilation of an iconography of the artist's work and has asked for our aid in this project. If any reader knows of the whereabouts of any of Frith's Dickensian paintings, I should be grateful if information could be forwarded to me.

EDITOR.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT IN THE THEATRE

By Malcolm Morley

The first novel Charles Dickens wrote after his return from America in 1842 was *Martin Chuzzlewit* which appeared in twenty monthly numbers from January 1843 to July 1844.

Edward Stirling, who up to that time had not missed putting any one of the novelist's major works on the stage, had his dramatisation ready and the week following the publication of the last monthly number came the first appearance on the boards of *The Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* carrying the sub-title of *His Friends, Relations and Enemies*. This was on Monday, July 8th, 1844, at the Lyceum Theatre, London, then under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keeley. When Stirling approached them with regard to making a stage version of the story, they were discouraging. He received a letter :

" Dear Stirling, Mary and I have read carefully Dickens' book but we cannot see our way to a piece from it. But if you like go on, do. You have done so much with Dickens' works, try again. Yours Truly, Robert Keeley."

Stirling did go on. In his autobiography he boasts that the play was a great success running for 280 performances and clearing £8,000. Here was obvious exaggeration. The play certainly did well but the performances given were considerably fewer than stated. In fact they totalled barely ninety, And it may be presumed that the amount cleared was proportionately less than that claimed by the proud playwright. Stirling believed in trumpeting his own wares.

With *Martin Chuzzlewit* Dickens contrived for the first time to prevent a dramatisation of one of his serials from appearing in the theatre before it had run its course in print. He was not always able to maintain this in the future but there was generally some delaying action before his novels were put upon the stage.

Martin Chuzzlewit at the Lyceum was a loose-jointed affair, the episodes in the novel being weakly linked together. Mrs. Keeley, the little Oliver and poor Smike of Stirling's previous adaptations of Dickens, played Bailey, the errand boy and boots at Todgers'. Dickens had, wrongly, taken it for granted she would play Ruth Pinch. His permission had been obtained for the dramatisation and he had been asked to write a prologue for the occasion. This he declined to do, saying in a letter, dated 24th June, 1844, to Keeley :

" I cannot, consistently with the opinion I hold and always have held, in reference to the principle of adapting novels for the stage, give you a prologue to Chuzzlewit. But, believe me to be quite sincere in saying that if I felt I could reasonably do such a thing for anyone, I could do it for you.

" I start for Italy on Monday next, but if you have the piece on the stage, and rehearse on Friday, I will gladly come down at any time you may appoint on that morning and go through it with you all. If you be not in a sufficiently forward state to render this proposal convenient to you, or likely to assist your preparations, do not take the trouble to answer this note.

" I presume Mrs. Keeley will do Ruth Pinch. If so, I feel sure about her, and of your Mrs. Gamp I am certain. But a queer sensation begins in my legs, and comes upward to my forehead, when I think of Tom."

The prologue required by Keeley was eventually written by Albert Smith. In place of Mrs. Keeley the part of Ruth Pinch was assigned to Miss Groves while Tom Pinch fell to Drinkwater Meadows ; but both characters were negligible at the Lyceum. So too was Mark

Tapley, entrusted to Sanders, who, although on the scene, appeared to have no word to say. The best performances came from Frank Matthews as Pecksniff and Samuel Emery as Jonas. Both were excellent actors. Keeley, himself, donned the skirts of Mrs. Gamp and J. W. Collier those of Betsey Prig.

Hard on the heels of the Lyceum production came *Martin Chuzzlewit; or, His Wills and His Ways, what He did, and what He didn't*, an adaptation by Charles Webb at the Strand Theatre on July 15th.

SCENE FROM THE NEW DRAMA OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

By the courtesy of the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.

It was generally conceded to be a better version than the one at the Lyceum and, though without stars having the same renown as the Keeleys, the piece ran for seventy performances. Henry Hall played both Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp; dangerous casting surely yet he was acclaimed in both characters. Another double was Anthony Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, both acted by W. Searle. H. B. Roberts, a romantic comedian, was the Montague Tigg and Mrs. Coleman Pope voiced the pretty sentiments of Mary Graham. Music was composed and selected for the play by Corri who made Sairey Gamp tipple to the tune of "Jolly Nose."

The Webb version of *Martin Chuzzlewit* with another sub-title, *Silver Spoons and Wooden Ladles* was also given that same evening, July 15th, on the other side of the Thames at the Victoria Theatre where David Osbaldistone and Miss Vincent, manager and manageress, enacted Anthony and the the boy Bailey respectively. Again Mrs. Gamp was played by an actor, a very low comedian, J. Herbert.

On the following July 29th a third dramatisation of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was produced. It was the compilation of Thomas Higgie and Thomas Hailes Lacy, the theatrical publisher, and given at the unfortunate Queen's Theatre where it did not run long. Pecksniff was taken by Royer, Anthony by Johnson and Mary by Miss Stoker. Of

particular interest is the fact that Mrs. Gamp was played by Thomas Manders who, in his intervals between acting, was landlord of the Sun Tavern, in Long Acre, where the Pickwick Club, a real society of convivial souls, founded in 1837 and taking its title from Boz's story, had headquarters.

The East End of London provided two more *Martin Chuzzlewit* dramas, making five to appear within six weeks from the end of the publication of the novel. One of these was given at the Garrick on August 5th and the other at the Pavilion on August 13th, 1844.

There is no doubt that the rôle of the imbibing Sairey Gamp proved inviting to comedians. The lady seems to have been regarded in something of the light of a Dame similar to the character in the Pantomimes of later years. Playlets were written about her, each taking the garrulous old lady further from the original creation of Dickens. The ever ready Edward Stirling even introduced the mythical "Mrs. Harris" into a farce of that name, a stupid piece which had its first night at the Lyceum on October 22nd, 1846. Little Keeley played the title rôle, an old slattern in the manner of Mrs. Gamp or as much in the manner as the dramatist could make her. The Widow Harris, as she calls herself, is an irresponsible nurse. This farrago of fun had, of course, nothing whatsoever to do with Dickens. What might be called its plot was lifted from a farce played in Paris, *La Garde Malade*.

A rival farce came out four days later at the Adelphi *Mrs Sarah Gamp's Tea and Turn Out* by Benjamin Webster. Actually the piece was taken from a French vaudeville *Madame Pochet et Madame Gibou* of Henri Monnier. In translating the farce and, as it were, transporting these gossiping Parisian beldams across the Channel, Webster gave them the names of Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig—and that is about all they had to do with Charles Dickens. Edward Wright was Sairey and James Munyard was Betsey in this so-called Bozzian Sketch. By way of plot there was Charley Muff, an engaging reprobate, ensconced for no apparent reason under Mrs. Gamp's bed. So placed, he hears his father, Magnus Muff, recounting the freaks and follies of his boyhood days to Sairey and Betsey. Whereupon Charley emerges from the hiding place, confronts Magnus and demands forgiveness for his own peccadilloes. He is taken to his father's heart and it is arranged that he marry Sairey's daughter Selina. A jovial party is made up; punch is mixed from a famous recipe belonging to the absent Mrs. Harris and the entertainment ends with a dance. Wright, as was his custom, gagged outrageously, giving aside after aside to the audience contributing comments of his own upon the situations in the farce.

Another piece of nonsense in emulation of Sarah Gamp and her much-talked-of friend was given at the Queen's on November 16th, 1846, *Dealings with the Firm of Gamp and Harris* by F. Fox Cooper. It treated of the dilemma of a Mr. Carroway who is to inherit a fortune if he does not marry a widow—a thing he has already done. Once more the convivial Manders was in place as Mrs. Gamp while Hudspeth was seen as Mrs. Harris.

A brand new dramatisation of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was made by Horace Wigan and staged by him at the Olympic on March 2nd, 1868. Wigan appeared as Jonas, Addison as Pecksniff and Louisa Moody as Mary. Nellie Farren, following in the footsteps of leading actresses in previous versions, played young Bailey the Boots. The hit of the piece, however, was the Sarah Gamp of John Clarke, hard-voiced, ingratiating and logically illogical. The comedian afterwards assumed the part in a sketch called *Sairey Gamp* extracted from Wigan's play and performed at the Princess's, April 29th, 1872, as an after-piece to

H. J. Byron's *Haunted Houses* and at the Adelphi, March 22nd, 1873, when the sketch was given after the performance of Buckstone's Jack Sheppard play then named *The Stone Jug*. C. J. Smith in the rôle of Betsey Prig partnered Clarke at the Adelphi. The *Sairey Gamp* extract was also used by Lionel Brough, another droll who was featured as Mrs. Gamp.

It should be mentioned that the lady was also portrayed by Albert Chevalier. With a fellow comedian, John Beauchamp, he devised an entertainment called *Sock and Buskin*, with which they toured the provinces during a summer of the early eighteen-nineties. Songs and recitations were included but the chief items were duologues from Dickens, one being a scene from *Chuzzlewit* with Chevalier as Sairey and Beauchamp as Betsey. The actors themselves financed the venture, a far from remunerative experiment. At Northampton, on Bank Holiday, the total night's receipts were one shilling, a fact attested by Charles Ingle (Chevalier's brother) who took the " money " at the doors. It was a different story when Albert visited the city some eighteen months later, and sang his coster and other songs " to capacity " at the Corn Exchange.

With old Sairey and young Bailey predominating so long in the Chuzzlewit plays, it was a change to find both characters absent from an adaptation by Harry Simms which toured the provinces some time in the late Eighteen-seventies. The statement, however, on the printed copy of the piece that it was produced at the Theatre Royal, Oxford, on Easter Monday, 1878, does not appear to be correct. Simms, the playwright-actor-manager, selected for himself the part of Jonas in view of the strong death scene, one in which he could indulge in unlimited acting.

Perhaps because of the chapters critical of the New World, the novel had little shrift on the stage in America. There was a version given at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, March 31st, 1845, but it was not until nineteen years later that a dramatisation was seen in New York. Here on September 26th, 1864, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, adapted by Stephen Fiske, was produced at the Olympic Theatre with, be it noted, an actress, Mrs. Gilbert, in the part of Sarah Gamp. Bailey was played by Mrs. John Wood, a manageress of note in her day and one connected with a number of Dickens plays both in England and America.

Shortly after the New York production an amusing burlesque on the subject was given in that city by Bryant's Minstrels at the Mechanics' Hall. It was called *Martin Chuzzlewit's Family* and enacted by burnt-cork comics.

The stage history of *Martin Chuzzlewit* continued in Britain and the United States with *Tom Pinch* by Joseph Dilley and Lewis Clifton, a comedy first given at the Vaudeville in London on March 10th, 1881. The play deals only with the story of Tom and his sister Ruth. It is sentimental and slight but dramatically effective. The two parts were taken at the Vaudeville by Thomas Thorne and Lydia Cowell. Tom Pinch was afterwards played by E. S. Willard who revived the play at the Garden Theatre, New York, on January 7th, 1901. The actor-manager gave a very moving performance and kept *Tom Pinch* in his repertoire for several seasons. He played it in London at the St. James's on September 5th, 1903, the last occasion of a dramatic version of Dickens's novel being staged in an established West End Theatre.

Of course there have been other dramatisations. There always are of the master's works. Some of these plays were printed, and among the best were *Martin Chuzzlewit* by J. Cooper Sands and *Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil* by Isabelle I. Pagan. Another adaptation was *The Hypocrite* by Frederick T. Harry given by amateurs at the Cripplegate

Institute on January 22nd, 1907 with Harry himself ambitiously undertaking Pecksniff, Montague Tigg and Old Chuffey.

Few of the plays taken from the novels of Dickens have been given in Germany but it is interesting to find that a Chuzzlewit drama was played in that country. Performed and published in 1864, this five act play in German was the work of Von H. Chr. L. Klein and entitled *Tartuffe Junior ; oder, Martin Geldermann und seine Erben.* Curious indeed, for a German version to name the English hypocrite, Pecksniff, after the classic French hypocrite, Tartuffe.

NOTES ON
Sketches by Boz

By T. W. Hill

Continued from page 48

XV—Early Coaches
(*Evening Chronicle*, February 19th, 1835)

1. EARLY COACHES. Dickens's familiarity with travelling by coach in his reporter days coloured his whole life and provided him with ample material for his numerous allusions to the subject. His earliest published book—these Sketches—have five separate essays, each of which is quite distinct from the others. In "The Streets—Morning" he touched the fringe of the theme, returned to it in "Hackney-Coach Stands," rounds it off in the present paper and the two following Sketches on "Omnibuses" and "The Last Cab-driver." Here and in his later novels is a mine of information about road-travel a century ago.

2. BREAKING A MAN ALIVE UPON THE WHEEL. This barbarous method of execution at one time practised in France and Germany, consisted in fastening the criminal (perhaps the word should be victim) spread-eagle fashion to a wheel and breaking his limbs with an iron bar as the wheel revolved ; sometimes death was expedited by violent blows (*coups de grâce*) on the chest and stomach.

3. IXION. In Greek mythology the King of the Lapithae, a mythical people who lived in Thessaly. Having murdered his father-in-law, he was taken up to heaven by Zeus for purification. There he proceeded to make love to Zeus's wife, Hera (how modern it seems), for which he was punished by being chained by the hands and feet to a fiery wheel that rolled for ever in the sky.

4. LARGE POSTING-BILLS. These were the announcements of the routes and times, with fares, and often had as a heading a picture of a fully-loaded coach. Special trips were printed in red.

5. NEW CARPET-BAG. Travelling bags, especially those for clothes, were originally made of carpet material for strength and suppleness, besides which they were nearly waterproof. The term persists for any travelling bag.

6. UNMENTIONABLES. Let us be genteel. Trousers must not be mentioned under their proper name ; let us call them unmentionables, indescribables, inexpressibles, continuations, inexplicables, or any other euphemism ; Dickens knew them all.

7. FLAT CANDLE. There is no such thing as a flat candle ; the term is a shortened form of flat-candlestick, as distinct from the tall candlestick used for ordinary table lighting in days before the introduction of other means of illumination. It should be added that the term flat-candle is quite unknown to the trade.

8. TRAVELLING SHAWL. It may be noted that Dickens almost always used "shawl," especially in connextion with coaching, where we should say scarf. The scarves used by travellers were much wider than those for for ordinary wear and enveloped shoulders as well as neck.

9. GOLDEN CROSS. See Scenes, VII.

10. TIMES, CHRONICLE, HERALD. These were the papers of the period. *The Times* was established in 1788, the *Morning Chronicle* in 1770, and the *Morning Herald* in 1781.

11. PAN'S PIPES. A set of seven open reeds, usually of cane, blown by the mouth and secured in front of the face by a scarf round the neck. Named from the Greek god Pan, who is traditionally depicted playing a pipe.

XVI—Omnibuses

(Specially written for the First Collected Edition, 1836)

1. OMNIBUSES. The first "omnibus" was introduced into London in 1829 by George Shillibeer. It was drawn by three horses abreast and ran from Paddington to the Bank four times each way every day. (See *Morning Post*, July 7th, 1829.)

2. CROSSKEYS TILL CALLED FOR. A noted coaching-inn in Wood Street, Cheapside. It was the starting place for the Kent coaches. Was the "small boy of a pale aspect" a reminiscence of Dickens's own journey at the age of eleven when he came up from Chatham to the Cross Keys in the "Blue-Eyed Maid"? (See Dullborough Town in *The Uncommercial Traveller*.)

3. BANG GOES THE DOOR. Every coach had a door, and when omnibuses first appeared they followed the custom, till about 1890, when the introduction of an outside staircase to the roof of the vehicle rendered it inconvenient.

4. BUSS. Cockneys soon contracted omnibus to bus, at first spelt with an apostrophe, 'bus, but it was some years before the orthography was settled: bus and buss were both used. Dickens used the latter in *Bleak House* (1852) when Hortense and Mrs. Bucket took a little jaunt into the country "per buss."

5. BA—NK—TY. This is probably an effort to render phonetically the omnibus cad's pronunciation of "Bank, City" in announcing his route, the last syllable being improperly accented as "tie." Ludicrous results were obtained by the cad's carelessness: Royal Oak became "Rillook," Highgate Hill became "I get ill," and Holborn the City and the Bank emerged as "O burn the City *and* the Bank."

XVII—The Last Cab-Driver and the First Omnibus-Cad

(*Bell's Life*, November 1st, 1835, where it was called "Some Account of an Omnibus Cad"; it also includes "Hackney Cabs and their Drivers" from the *Carlton Chronicle*, September 17th, 1836)

1. CABDRIVER. The cab with its hood for the passenger and the outside seat alongside for the driver, as shewn in Cruikshank's drawing, preceded Hansom's Patent Safety Cab (1833), its name being an abbreviation of the French term "cabriolet." The latter was turned by Mr. Raddle in *The Pickwick Papers* into "cabrioily."

2. KNEE-SMALLS. Another term (a genteel one) for Small-clothes, breeches that reached only to the knees and fastened with a strap or ribbon. Knee-cords in Scenes VI were a similar garment made of corduroy.

3. SAVE THE FOURPENCE. Eightpence a mile was the legal fare until 1831, when it became one shilling (see Scenes VII), so the fourpence was the change out of a shilling, which the cabman might look upon as perquisite or "tip." See also *Pickwick Papers* (Chapter XXII) where Mr. Pickwick is "cabbin' it" and as Sam Weller says, having "two mile o' danger at eightpence."

4. WINDOWS OF A CHEMIST'S SHOP. Probably with a "surgery" in the background. Street casualties were usually hurried into a chemist's shop for "first aid." The crowd of those days was just as inquisitive as that of the present.

5. MR. HOBLER. Francis Hobler, an attorney of the Court of Sheriffs of London, who was also the Lord Mayor's Clerk for many years (Law List, 1838). His sense of fun and his jokes often relieved the prosaic tedium of court proceedings.

6. NATIVE HUMOUR. That is humour natural to him, perhaps by virtue of his calling. Dickens used the adjective in his own quaint way (he had a native humour of his own) when he wrote that the beer at "Sawyer late Nockemorf's" was served "in its native pewter" (*Pickwick Papers*), that "Bob Sawyer exhibited his native drollery by digging Mr. Pickwick in the ribs" (*Pickwick*), and that Sampson Brass suggested looking "in its native key-hole" for a lost key (*Old Curiosity Shop*). It also occurs in a letter he wrote to R. H. Horne on November 13th, 1843; he says he wishes the *Village Coquettes* to "sink into its native obscurity."

7. MAY AS WELL GET BOARD, LODGIN' AND WASHIN'. Of course at the expense of the State. In *Pickwick Papers*, during Mr. Pickwick's first adventure, the truculent cabman exclaimed: "I'll give it him if I've six months for it."

8. HOUSE OF CORRECTION. A prison situated at Coldbath Fields, Clerkenwell, on the site now occupied by the Parcels Post Office. Silence was rigidly imposed, although the prisoners worked in common, and some had to sleep in dormitories. It was closed in 1877.

9. THE SILENT SYSTEM. See previous note.

10. LOOKED ON ALL THE "WHEELS." Slang for treadmill.

11. ALL ROUND MY HAT. A cockney expression of derision, or indifference, that may derive from a broadsheet ballad, "All round my hat I'll wear a green willow."

12. LUCINIAN MYSTERIES. Lucina (the light-bringer) in Greek mythology was one of the names given to Juno, the abstraction of womanhood; Juno Lucina is the especial divinity who presides over childbirth.

13. FATIMA-LIKE CURIOSITY. A reference to Bluebeard's wife who risked her life to penetrate the mysteries of the Blue Room.

14. LOVE OF LADIES, LIQUIDS, AND POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. A polite way of alluding to perjury, drunkenness, and common theft.

15. QUITTED HIS UNGRATEFUL COUNTRY. That is transported for a term of years till "the British Government . . . did not require his residence abroad." The whole of this passage is in the vein of sardonic humour that marks the account of the end of Sampson Brass's career in the last chapter of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the later example being much richer in detail.

16. CINCINNATUS. Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus was a highly-respected Roman Consul who, in 460 B.C. was called from his plough at the age of 60 to become Dictator at a time of crisis with the army. He defeated the enemy and after only sixteen days returned to his little farm. Twenty years later he was again appointed Dictator to deal with a conspiracy.

17. BUSS WAS BUILDING. The period of which Dickens was writing was 1829, as that was when Shillibeer put his first bus on the road. (See note 1 above.)

18. "ROYAL WILLIAM." A reminder that the old omnibuses carried on the tradition of the coaches that preceded them of bearing titles, as locomotives do now. There were "Atlas," "Automaton," "Royal Patriot," "Favourite," "John Bull," and others. In Tales XI there is a public vehicle named "Lads of the Village."

19. NEWGATE CALENDAR. Its sub-title was "or Malefactors Bloody Register." It was published in five volumes about 1774 and contains accounts of notorious criminals from 1700. Four further volumes appeared in 1824-26. when the whole was issued as one publication.

XVIII—A Parliamentary Sketch with a Few Portraits

(Containing two Sketches originally called "The 'House'" in the *Evening Chronicle*, March 7th, 1835, and "Bellamy's" in the *Evening Chronicle*, April 11th, 1835)

1. "THE HOUSE." The old Houses of Parliament had been burnt down in 1834 and the new, present Palace of Westminster was not opened till 1847. During the interval "the two houses of Parliament assembled in a temporary building [contrived by patching up the ruins of the Lords' Chamber and the Painted Chamber] not unlike a barn, which was speedily run up in order to accommodate the Imperial Legislature" (Walford). This temporary arrangement must have been the subject of the present Sketch.

2. GILT ORDER ROUND HIS NECK. This is the chain of office worn by the "messengers."

3. BELLAMY'S KITCHEN. "Bellamy's" was the name of a coffee and chop house adjoining the old House of Commons. The Members used it to a great extent for two reasons: (1) the food was excellent, and (2) the division bell rang on the premises. It is said that William Pitt on his death-bed asked for one of Bellamy's pork-pies.

4. D'ORSAY HAT. Count Alfred D'Orsay (1801-1852), well known for his association with Lady Blessington and her Gore House receptions, was "the mirror of fashion and the mould of form." He and a few intimates, among whom were Disraeli and Bulwer-Lytton, dressed in the extreme height of

fashion and accentuated the prevailing modes, or even anticipated them. Their waistcoats were a little more highly ornamented, their neckwear a little fuller, their collars a little more elaborately rolled, their trousers a little more closely fitting, their jewellery a little more plentiful, and their hats exaggerated a little the latest style. Only a man as tall and personally handsome as D'Orsay could successfully "carry it off." D'Orsay's hat with its extra tall crown and extra wide brim is well seen in his portrait drawn by Maclise, and reproduced in Matz's *Memorial Edition of Forster's Life*, Vol. 1, p. 382.

5. WHIPPER-IN. Now called a "Whip"; a Member of Parliament who is responsible for securing the attendance in the House of the Members of his party. The term is derived from the hunting field.

6. "HEREDITARY BONDSMAN." An epithet borrowed from Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," canto ii, stanza 76:

> "Hereditary Bondsmen! Know ye not
> *Who* would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow,
> By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?"

The application of this to an Irish journalist is significant.

7. FORTY-SECOND FRANK. Until 1840, when the Penny Post was introduced, Members of Parliament and certain other official personages, had the privilege of sending letters free by signing the envelope and so "franking" them. The privilege was often abused and the Irish correspondent referred to was certainly taking full advantage of the M.P.'s kindness.

8. FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT. This met after the passing of the Reform Act of 1832.

9. MANCHESTER BUILDINGS OR MILLBANK STREET. In Manchester Buildings that stood on the site now occupied by the Westminster Underground Railway Station, and in Millbank Street (now known as Millbank Road) there were many houses where provincial M.P.s had temporary lodgings during Parliamentary sessions. In *Nicholas Nickleby*, Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., had chambers in Manchester Buildings.

10. LORD'S DAY BILL BARONET. Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart. (1793-1849). He introduced in 1833 a Bill for the Better Observance of Sunday; it provided amongst other things for the prohibition of open trading, the closing of gin-shops, and the prohibition of driving cattle to market. The Bill was rejected each time in three successive sessions, but passed its second reading in 1837. In that year King William IV died and the Parliament was automatically dissolved. Sir Andrew was not elected to the new Parliament and his Bill was never re-introduced. Thomas Hood wrote an Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., in which the following lines occur:

> "Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,
> And say unto the sea as Canute did
> (Of course the sea will do as it is bid):
> 'This is the Sabbath—let there be no Breakers.'"

Dickens's own views on Sunday Observance were shewn in 1836 when he published, under the pseudonym "Timothy Sparks," a little pamphlet "Sunday under Three Heads," dedicated to the Bishop of London.

11. HEBE OF BELLAMY'S. Jane and Nicolas were, of course, real people well known to all habitués of Bellamy's, and perhaps if it had not been for this Sketch they might have been entirely forgotten. Hebe, as a generic name for a waitress, comes from Hebe the daughter of Zeus; she was the cup-bearer in Olympus.

12. SHARED YORICK'S FATE. As "the most brilliant characters of a brilliant period" the gentleman's boon companions must often have "kept the table on a roar." ("Hamlet," Act V, Sc. 1.)

13. SHERIDAN. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, probably best known to later generations as a dramatist, was a Member of Parliament from 1780 and sat for thirty-two years, but in spite of his close friendship with Fox, and his own capabilities and oratorical powers, his indolence prevented him from rising any higher than to become a Secretary to the Treasury in 1783.

XIX—PUBLIC DINNERS
(*Evening Chronicle*, April 7th, 1835)

1. INDIGENT ORPHANS' FRIENDS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION. This is the earliest instance of Dickens's aptitude in bestowing names on societies which

he was lampooning. Here are a few more: "United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association" (*Pickwick Papers*), "United Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company" (*Nicholas Nickleby*), "Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company" (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), "The Sisterhood of Medieval Marys," "The Sisters of all the Cardinal Virtues" and "The Infant Bonds of Joy" (*Bleak House*).

2. GREAT QUEEN STREET. This street, named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, marks the position of an ancient footpath that can be seen in Agas's map of London, from the modern Long Acre to Kingsway. It is the headquarters of English Freemasonry. The Freemason's Tavern has been the scene of many important dinners and public meetings for over a century; it is more commodious now than when Dickens knew it, as it was rebuilt and enlarged in 1863.

3. ACCESSION OF GEORGE I. 1714: that is more than a century before the time of writing. As the Freemason's Tavern was built in 1786 the age of the cutlery seems a little exaggerated, but of course it may have been badly used.

4. NO NOTES BUT NOTES OF PREPARATION. An ingenious use of the phrase in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth," Act IV:

> "With busy hammers closing rivets up
> Give dreadful note of preparation."

It is utilised still more aptly in *Dombey and Son*, where Little Paul wakes up in Dr. Blimber's Academy to hear "the real gong giving dreadful note of preparation."

5. WHO CAN CARVE POULTRY? The custom of having the carving done at the table at public dinners went out of fashion about a hundred years ago.

6. AUBER'S MUSIC. D. F. E. Auber, a French composer (1782-1871), wrote many delightful and tuneful operas, among them, in Dickens's early days, "Masaniello" (1828) and "Fra Diavolo" (1830). The overture to "Masaniello" was performed on a piano, a flute, and a 'cello in Tales IX.

7. NON NOBIS. The well-known Latin canon attributed to William Byrd (1538-1623). It used to be more used than it is nowadays as a grace-after-meat at public banquets: "Non nobis Domine, non nobis; sed nomine tuo de gloriam."

8. LADY PATRONESSES. At public dinners it was customary to invite ladies to a gallery overlooking the dining hall, from which they could, after the meal, listen to the speechifying. This was the practice for many years till, at an anniversary banquet of the Royal Society of Musicians on March 8th, 1860, Dickens, who presided, expressed himself strongly to the effect that ladies ought to be allowed to dine at those public dinners.

XX—The First of May

(*The Library of Fiction*, Vol. I, 1836)

It was originally called *A little Talk about Spring and the Sweeps.*

1. THE FIRST OF MAY. From time immemorial the first day of May has been a gala day to mark the revival of vegetation after the winter's quiescence. The Romans called it "Floralia," in honour of Flora, the goddess of flowers and spring. It was observed as a festival by the Druids. Houses were decorated with blossoming hawthorn (hence its common name, May) and wreaths were hung from the Maypole to the accompaniment of music and dancing, and the prettiest maiden was crowned with flowers as "Queen of the May." The day was given up to processions and rejoicings by the labouring people, among whom the chimney-sweeps were conspicuous with their Jack-in-the-Green. The choir of Magdalen College, Oxford, still continue their custom of climbing to the summit of the tower clad in their robes and greeting the rising sun (about 4-30 a.m.) with anthems.

2. DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN. Erected at the foot of Waterloo Place in 1831-34 to the memory of Frederick, Duke of York, son of King George III, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

3. WAITHMAN'S MONUMENT. Robert Waithman (1764-1833), Linen Draper, was Lord Mayor of London in 1823 and M.P. for the City. He had great ideas of his powers as an orator, and for over thirty years was a "steady and consistent advocate of the rights of his countrymen and the liberties and

privileges of his fellow-citizens," who erected the obelisk at Ludgate Circus to his memory on his death in 1833. The obelisk was removed recently.

4. OBELISK IN ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS. This spot is now known as St. George's Circus. The monument commemorate Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor in 1770; it was erected in 1771, but was removed to the Bethlem Hospital, of which Crosby was a benefactor, and replaced in 1907 by an over-ornamented clock-tower which was in turn taken down and destroyed in 1940.

5. RIOT ACT. An Act passed in 1715 to deal with unlawful assemblies. The Act is read in public by a magistrate, accompanied by the military or police. Figuratively, "to read the riot act" is to threaten any disobedient person, even a young person, with pains and penalties. It used to be used in a humorous sense by a parent.

6. BATTLE BRIDGE. Since 1830 called King's Cross, in honour of King George IV, of whom a statue was erected here; it was demolished in 1845. The name Battle Bridge (across the Fleet river) commemorates a battle between the Romans and Boadicea, in which the Romans were victorious.

7. RURAL DISTRICTS OF SOMERS TOWN, ETC. This was true for the period. See notes to Scenes I and Scenes IX.

8. PAUL PRY TO CALEB WILLIAMS. "Paul Pry" is a comedy by John Poole (1825) and *Caleb Williams* a novel by William Godwin (1794). The contrast is that Paul Pry was an inquisitive busybody and Caleb Williams was a faithful servant who kept his master's guilty secret as long as possible.

9. "GREEN." That is a Jack-in-the-Green. (See note 1 above.)

10. "MOUTH-ORGAN." This term here applies to the Pan's-pipes (see note 10 to Scenes XV). It was in later years transferred to a small musical instrument invented in 1829, in which the sound made by vibrating metallic reeds. This little toy developed later into the accordion and the concertina, both of which use the same principle.

11. ADAM AND EVE COURT. A one-time disreputable street about half-way between Oxford Circus and Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Sluffen is probably a fictitious name for a typical chimney-sweep.

12. TRAPS. Thieves' slang for mouths. It is used again in *Oliver Twist*.

13. REGISTER STOVES. A stove with a movable flap in the hole leading to the chimney-flue, by which to regulate the draught, as a means of controlling the heat of the apartment. It is sometimes effective, when it is not stopped up with an old newspaper.

14. COPENHAGEN HOUSE. As Dickens was living in Furnival's Inn in 1836 his stroll was two and a half miles to Copenhagen House, a well-known place of public entertainment, noted especially for its fives court and its Sunday tea garden. In 1852 the Corporation of London purchased the house and the adjacent Copenhagen Fields and erected the Metropolitan Cattle Market, commonly known as the Caledonian Market, the clock-tower of which occupies approximately the site of Copenpagen House.

15. MAIDEN LANE. Now known as York Road. The whole of this district is closely bound up with the story of the Boffins in *Our Mutual Friend*.

16. CONSERVATORY . . . LOVE TENANTED WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN. A glancing allusion to a song in "M.P., or The Blue Stocking," a comic opera by Thomas Moore:

"Young Love lived once in a humble shed."

17. BELCHER HANDKERCHIEF. A coloured kerchief for the neck, such as was affected by James Belcher (1781-1811), a pugilist who was once champion of England. He was beaten by Tom Cribb in 1807 and again in 1809.

18. BED-FURNITURE. The furnishings (draperies) of a tent-bed or a four-poster.

19. STRONG TAPE SANDALS. Sandal is a Persian word for slipper. In England the term was at one time applied also to the tapes or straps used to fasten a shoe, over the foot or round the ankle; they usually crossed in front of the leg. In Characters III Miss Billsmethi has her shoes tied with sandals.

(To be continued)

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By Louis B. Frewer, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

THACKERAY

"Hence what appears to be pointed dislike of the Evangelicals—Lady Southdown and her daughter Emily in *Vanity Fair*, the Simcoes in *Pendennis* and the Clapham Sect in general in *The Newcomes*. But this dislike is hesitant and temperate in comparison with Dickens's, for example: nowhere does it issue in a Stiggins or a Chadband.

"He now knew that, at last, he 'had taken the great stupid public by the ears'; among the *Punch* men, he had now taken his place alongside, and perhaps a little ahead of, Douglas Jerrold. He had still an immense distance to travel before he could catch up with Charles Dickens. That, he would have admitted readily enough. Nevertheless, he was now moving steadily in the right direction.

"... men ... felt not a little shocked when a member of their community began telling them about it in his sub-acid way. This, to be sure proved more irritating and less effectual than the frontal attacks launched by Dickens on the private schools, Bumbledom, debtors' prisons, the Circumlocution Office, and the Court of Chancery. Dickens was, in their view, an honest fellow, bluff and hearty, coming himself from 'the lower orders.' He was privileged; he could make them laugh abundantly; he could also make them cry. But this Thackeray! He was a gent'eman. He was an ironist! Instead of attacking this or that abuse, he was undermining the entire Code from within. It made them uncomfortable. They decided that he sneered.

"And of course he did ... he lacked the jaunty optimism of Dickens which most of the other Victorians understood and approved, being jaunty optimists themselves. Dickens's work was buoyed up by his genuine belief in the goodness of man, and in the power of charity to reform the world. That was excellent; it was individualism moralised and justified.

"Dickens with his gusto, and despite much cheap jollity and still cheaper pathos, did more to shake the Victorians' complacency than his saturnine disjointed rival. Dickens hung together. Thackeray did not.

"What the critical reader recalls from this novel [*Pendennis*], when he looks back upon it, is a quite unusual number of discriminated occasions, some short, some long, some very good, some very bad. It is almost as if Thackeray, in his now conscious rivalry with Dickens, had resolved to surpass Dickens in his own field—the dramatic. He could so long as he kept within the bounds of high comedy.

"'One of Dickens's immense superiorities over me,' Thackeray told his mother in 1853, 'is the great fecundity of his imagination.' Perhaps that was true by the time the letter was written. In the years 1848-50 the superiority of Dickens was far less marked.

"Having finished *Pendennis*, he began to cast about for another way of making money, and through keeping one eye on Dickens, by this time his only formidable rival in the field of fiction, he got an idea. Dickens had been giving dramatic readings from his own works, and had done extremely well financially. But then Dickens was a born actor, and his stories were dramatic. Thackeray had no gifts as an actor, found the making of public speeches almost as painful an ordeal as visits to his dentist, and had very few long dramatic scenes in his novels. So he had to modify the Dickens plan. He decided he would lecture, reading from a manuscript; first in London, then in provincial cities, and perhaps afterwards in the United States. He disliked the thought of 'this quackery,' and disliked the performance even more when he found himself engaged in it. Friends also told him he was lowering his dignity. But he needed money, and resolved to go through with it."—"Thackeray, a Reconsideration," by J. Y. T. Greig. (Oxford University Press).

* * * * *

JEWS

The Sephardic community of London, like many another metropolitan group, was perplexed by the poor they had always with them. But poverty and debt were not confined to the Jewish section of the population. James Oglethorpe, like Charles Dickens in another generation, sympathised with the wretched inmates of the debtors' prisons ...

" Charles Dickens had described a Fagin. But he also had saluted a Mr. Riah. The one was a villain, the other a paragon. Dickens was quick to see the unfairness of his first Jewish character and eager to correct the unfortunate impression he created at a time when the Jews of England were putting up a stout fight for their civil rights. There are extant interesting letters which passed betseen Charles Dickens and Eliza Davis. Mrs. James P. Davis was ' a prominent Jewess ' whose husband bought Tavistock House from Charles Dickens when the famous author moved to Gad's Hill. Eliza Davis did more than enlist Dickens' sympathy. She bespeaks for the ' wanderers ' his overt friendship. She writes :

' Fagin I fear admits only of one interpretation ; but [while] Charles Dickens lives the author can justify himself or atone for a great wrong on a whole though *scattered nation.*'

Charles Dickens tried to make amends handsomely. He had Mr. Riah say :

' Men say, ' This is a bad Greek, but there are good Greeks. This is a bad Turk, but there are good Turks.' Not so with the Jew. Men find the bad among us easily enough—among what peoples are the bad not easily found ?—but they take the worst of us as samples of the best ; they take the lowest of us as presentation of the highest.'

" Nor did Charles Dickens paint a more flattering picture of Americans. His Elijah Pogram (and could the name be without significance ?) was a coarse, uncouth fellow. ' A man deliberately makes a hog of himself and that's an Institution !' cries Martin Chuzzlewit in despair as he contemplates a ' typical ' American. In his *American Notes* Dickens was equally unsparing . . ."—" Pilgrim People," by A. L. Lebeson. (Harper).

* * * * *

THE CALIFORNIA STAGE

" The Bakers (John Lewis and his wife Alexina Fisher) proved to be shrewd and discerning managers. They introduced several romantic melodramas, such as *The Duke's Wager* and *Agnes de Vere,* which were new to the city, and in November (1852) they were offering dramatic adaptations of Dickens in lieu of old standbys at the other houses.

" She (Adah Menken) won the admiration of other great writers of the time and published her own poems in London under the title of *Infelicia,* dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens.

" (John) Brougham, whose plays were well-known in San Francisco, appeared in 1869 as Micawber in his own dramatisation of *David Copperfield,* and then in several of his other pieces . . . Brougham was followed at the California in 1869 by Lotta (Crabtree) whom he had taken under his dramatic wing in the East and for whom he had written *Little Nell and the Marchioness,* based on Dickens's *The Old Curiosity Shop.* This slender but attractive piece, which gave Lotta the opportunity to play in two contrasting rôles, remained for years a favorite in her repertoire. She appeared in it during her California engagement . . ."—" The San Francisco Stage," by E. M. Gagey. (Columbia University Press).

* * * * *

DICKENS AND CERVANTES

" A curious parallel to Sancho's entry into *Don Quixote* occurs in *Pickwick Papers,* a work that shows by its plan and construction how deeply Dickens studied Cervantes when a youth. Mr. Pickwick sallies out accompanied by his colleagues of the Pickwick Club and has a series of jolly adventures but he too felt the need of an attendant no less keenly than the knight errant of La Mancha, and the novel does not begin to really get under way until the tenth chapter when the benevolent old gentleman discovers Sam Weller in the yard of the White Hart Inn polishing boots. And if Sancho followed his master, riding his ass like a patriarch with wine skins and saddle bags and a huge desire to see himself Governor of the promised isle, Sam Weller's reflections on entering his master's service were : " I wonder whether I'm meant to be footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman, I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind ; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do ; and all this suits my complaint uncommon ; so long life to the Pickvicks says I ! "—Introduction by Walter Starkie to " The Spaniards in Their History," by Ramon Menendez Pidal. (Hollis & Carter).

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are not acceptable.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

THE activities during the past year have been bright indeed, all programmes being well organised and appreciated. With the exception of the evening "Children of Dickens" conducted by the Rev. D. W. Storkey, M.A., all evenings were organised by members. At the Christmas Party under the direction of the President, Mr. L. V. Nicholls, we were favoured with the presentation of the play "From Five to Five-Thirty" by the Epsom Grammar Old Girls' Drama Group. An entertaining sketch based on "The Haunted Man" was produced by Neil Smith and his juvenile colleagues, whilst Ken MacCormack later gave characterisations of Uriah Heep and Mr. Micawber the latter as a prelude to an appeal for funds for Dickens House. The juniors helped too, Pamela Browne, Roy Elliott, Robin Long, and Beverley Clark contributed piano pieces, sang songs, and recited. Mr. Marks gave a suitable address upon the spirit of Christmas. Truly a most enjoyable evening to wind up the season, for the 120 members and friends old and young who were present.

W.T.H.

NOTTINGHAM

OUR programme for the Session 1950-1951 opened at St. Luke's House, Friar Lane, on September 30th with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, when over seventy members were present. Rosemary Newall our youngest member (aged seven) gave a most attractive interpretation of *Little Nell*. The readings take place every other week on Saturday afternoons in which excellent renderings of the narrative and characters are given, chosen by the appointed Leaders for the meeting. There is a break for tea during the afternoon. A special welcome was given to Mr. Leslie C. Staples the Editor of *The Dickensian*, on November 11th who gave a very interesting talk upon the various activities of the Fellowship in London, following this with an illustrated Lantern Lecture upon "The Great Expectations Country"—the northern marches of Kent bordering upon the Thames Mouth and including the villages and landmarks; a most absorbing subject which was well received.

B.B.

WOLVERHAMPTON

THE branch enjoyed a most successful year, the meetings being well attended and the speakers highly appreciated. Miss Ruth Whittaker, of London, gave a delightful talk on "Some of Dickens's Contemporaries," at the January meeting. In February followed readings by members, followed by a discussion on "The Women Characters in *David Copperfield*," in March. In April a party of the members visited London and were escorted through the Dickens House by the Editor of *The Dickensian* and, after lunch, witnessed the performance of *The Lighthouse*. The season was resumed in September with a meeting devoted to the life of Dickens, followed in October by a Dickens Recital by Mr. Herbert Willard of Birmingham. In November Mrs. Conway was responsible for an interesting paper and members of the local Wesley Guild A.D.S. performed scenes adapted from Dickens.

N.R.

OBITUARY

TOM GIBBONS CLOSE

IT is with very deep regret that we announce the sudden death on November 30th, of Mr. T. Gibbons Close, a member of Headquarters Executive Committee. His retiring and self-effacing nature had long kept him in the background but during the last year or so he proved himself invaluable by his cheerful readiness to place his great artistic talent at the disposal of the Fellowship. A keen Dickensian and a delightful companion, his unassuming kindly manner and good-natured humour endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. His passing will leave a sad gap in our ranks and the memory of his charming work will be with us always. The funeral at Streatham Vale Crematorium on December 7th was attended by representatives from the Fellowship.

J.G.

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

MARCH,

Wednesday, 21st. Lecture, "Some Misconceptions about Dickens," by Mr. COLLIN BROOKS. *Chairman:* Major Philip C. Dickens.

APRIL.

Saturday, 14th. Ramble, "Merry Islington," arranged by Mrs. GWEN MAJOR, to be conducted by Mr. W. A. MacGREGOR. *Meet*: Moorgate Street Station, Finsbury Pavement, at 2-30 p.m.

Tuesday, 17th. Annual General Meeting, to be followed by a Dickens "Quiz" conducted by Mr. W. A. MacGREGOR, and also the reading of the best papers contributed by members on "What in my opinion is the best of *The Sketches by Boz*." Papers should not exceed 1,000 words, be typewritten on one side of the paper, and be received by the Hon. Secretary on or before the 17th March, 1951. Papers should be headed by a pseudonym and accompanied by the member's name and the pseudonym adopted, in a sealed envelope.

Saturday, 21st. Dramatic performance, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. (See next page).

MAY.

Saturday, 5th. Ramble, "Kenwood," to be conducted by Mr. Leslie C. Staples. *Meet*: Spaniards Inn 2-45 p.m. Bus 210 from Golders Green. Please send in your name if desirous of being included in tea arrangements.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, 25th to 28th.
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